

NAPANEE

W. M. O'BEIRNE, Proprietor.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1891

DOWNEY & Co.

**NEW GOODS,
NEW FASHIONS,
NEW STYLES**

—AT—

DOWNEY & COMPANY'S

The great Emporium of fashions,

DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

Stock Full in Every Department

Comprising the leading styles from the Parisian, European and American Manufacturers.

Millinery Department

Under the management of Miss Phelan and a skilled staff of assistants, contains all the novelties for the present season, in

FEATHERS AND PLUMES,

FANCY BIRDS AND WINGS,

PLAIN AND OMBRE PLUSHES,

WHITE, BLACK, COLORED & BEADED LACES,

RIBBONS IN PLUSH,

BROCHE, SATIN AND VELVETS, &c.

ORNAMENTS IN STEEL, GOLD, JET

AND BRONZE

And a large importation of

PATTERN HATS & BONNETS

LOCAL MATTERS.

THE NAPANEE GLASS WORKS.

**A Gigantic Enterprise—Operation
to be Commenced in Two Weeks**

As the glass works approach completion the magnitude of the enterprise becomes apparent. A small village has sprung during the past couple of months where a short time ago was but a large vacant lot. The credit of creating such a hive industry as the works promise to be is due entirely to the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. Herring. Without waiting for the town to grant him a bonus he proceeded to construct the works, relying on the generosity and honesty of the people to deal with him in every manner. It is to be hoped that he will not find his confidence misplaced and the \$5,000 bonus and ten years exemption from taxes, to which the town is to a certain extent pledged, will be voted without dissenting voice. That would be a graceful compliment and would indicate the extent to which the citizens value push and enterprise. The importance of the works to the town cannot be over-estimated. They may prove the nucleus of a large manufacturing industry as the success of one large manufacturing establishment leads to the construction of others. The works when completed will cost \$50,000—most of which will have been expended in the town and the monthly payroll will amount to close on \$4,000 per month. This is a very considerable sum of money to be paid by one firm and the town can reap great benefits therefrom. It was first contemplated to organize a company to carry on the works but this was not feasible and the proprietorship has been assumed by Mr. Herring and his sons. It is to be known as Messrs. John Herring & Sons. The practical management will devolve upon Mr. Julius Siegwirth, late of Pittsburg, a gentleman of long and varied experience in the manufacture of glass of all kinds, one whom it is confidently believed will produce an article second to none on the continent. Window-glass will be the main product but other branches may be added as found advisable. The fires will be in the furnaces inside of a fortnight and the works in full operation in a month.

The works are not yet in a condition to enable us to give an intelligent description of their contents and the process of manufacture. Some particulars as to the extent of the buildings may, however, be given.

The works are situated just north of the town.

And a large im- p- o- s- i- t- i- o- n- of

PATTERN HATS & BONNETS.

In this department we intend having no formal opening but will continue as we commenced last year, which has proved one of the most satisfactory seasons we have ever had, and announce that our stock will be ready for inspection from Tuesday the 4th day of October, until the end of the season.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING DEPARTMENT,

Under the management of Miss Allen, who is prepared with all the latest fashions,
NEW AND LOVELY PLAIDS, STRIPES, AND OMBRE GOODS, CAMEL'S HAIR,
CASHMERES AND COSTUME CLOTHS, BROCHE DAMASSE AND
ALL THE LEADING DRESS GOODS OF THE DAY,
DRESS SILKS AND SATINS, MANTLE GOODS
IN MOTTLED BICUNA, SEALETTES,
LAMB DIAGONALS

And an immense stock of Fringes, Pasementeries, Ornaments, &c. &c.

We Guarantee a Perfect Fit

And stylish appearance in all garments turned out, as none but experienced hands are employed.

Ordered Clothing Department.

MR. JAMES WALTERS, CUTTER.

In this department, alone, we have done nearly double the business for the same time last year, and the rush is only commencing. Gentlemen are fully alive to the fact that they can get a first class fit every time. The best of trimming and satisfaction throughout. The stock in this department is large and varied, comprising

SCOTCH, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,

New Overcoatings, Broadcloths and Worsteds, Fancy Vestings, &c. Good all wool Canadian Tweed 40c. per yard. Stacks of Ready-made Clothing. Best value ever offered.

We ask a careful inspection of our stock, and will always be glad to show goods and compare prices.

DOWNNEY & CO.

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The works are not yet in a condition enable us to give an intelligent description of their contents and the process of manufacture. Some particulars as to the extent of the buildings may, however, be interesting.

The works are situated just north of Grand Trunk station and cover four acres of land. The main building is a handsome two storey structure, 80x120 ft. The ground floor will be used as a mixing room and the flat above contains the enormous melting and blow furnaces. The process of glass making, after the sand has been ground commences here, the substances of which is composed being sand stone, lime, soda and other things which are among the secrets of the trade. After the process here is completed the glass passes to the north-west wing, 54x110 ft., which contains the flattening oven. The construction of this oven is most intricate piece of work connected with the establishment. The oven being put was made on the plan of Mr. Theodore Zellers of Ottawa, Ill., and is of the most proved design, costing about \$3,000. The cutting room is an extension of this wing, is 75x24 ft. Here the process is completed and the glass is packed up ready for shipment.

The north-eastern wing is a two storey building 85x36 ft. which is used as a room the first flat being utilized for mixing clay and the upper storey for making and storing the pots. The pots are made of common clay. An extension of this wing, 34x60 ft. and contains the sand grinding box making departments and engine room. The gas engine is of 7-horse power and a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. It will repay any one to inspect it when in operation.

To the west of the works are four cottages 80x24 ft. with 6 rooms each, a large board house, stables, and an office, all constructed in first-class style.

Mr. R. Cliff superintends the construction of all the buildings and the manner in which the work is being done reflects the high credit on his ability as an architect and builder. The castings used in connection with the furnaces were supplied by Fisher Thomas of Pittsburgh, and the stone work by Messrs. Landenberger of the same place.

The works will have a capacity of about 900 boxes per week, the glass ranging in size from 6x8 inches to 44x80 inches. The quantity of the glass is expected to be equal to the best produced in the world, as the Lansdowne sand is pronounced by practical men to be equal to the best Berkshire sand. The number of men to be employed will be about sixty-two, made up pretty much as follows—10 blowers, 10 gatherers, 3 flattening cutters, 1 pot maker, master, shearer, helper, 2 stokers, 1 mixer, 1 clay tramping fillers in, 3 layers out, 2 leather tender roller boys, 1 glass packer and assistant box makers. The wages are regulated by the Union and will average to each about \$100 per month.

In Time of Peace Prepare For War!
Cold weather is coming with its cold blasts and the only way is to secure for your homes one of BOYLE'S Cooking Stoves for a square meal, and one of his Famous Stoves. They are Famous by name and famous heaters, and are sold by BOYLE who is famous for keeping the best goods of all kinds in his line, of any one in the Trade. We keep pairs for all the stoves we sell. Also plough castings, eve trawling, bay win Lined, and general job work attended to with neatness and despatch. The Famous coal took first prize at the Toronto exhibition.

THE EXPRESS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1881.

VOL. XX. No. 48.

LOCAL MATTERS.

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Gigantic Enterprise—Operations to be Commenced in Two Weeks.

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COUNTY NEWS.

Bath.

[Correspondence of The Express.]

—Mrs. M. Bedford, wife of Dr. S. H. W. Bedford of Picton, has been the guest of Mrs. E. G. Ferren.

—Mr. H. Rogers has got the Manitoba fever and intends offering his goods at panic prices in order that he may get away.

—Mr. T. E. Howard, grain dealer, is offering in the neighbourhood of a dollar for barley. He has already secured some fine lots and anticipates a lively trade in this cereal at an early date.

—Mrs. Alice Johnston, the centenarian, the mother of Hugh and Adam, died at the residence of her son on Tuesday last. She possessed a noble Christian heart and sank to rest in the arms of her Saviour. During her latter days she suffered greatly, but at all times was cheerful and happy, resting on the blood of her Redeemer in whom she had all confidence and faith.

—Mr. Joseph Trimlett, newsdealer, has accepted the agency for the sale of THE NAPANEE EXPRESS.

—Mr. D. J. Campbell is at present canvassing for THE EXPRESS at Amherst Island. PAUL.

Yarker.

[Correspondence of The Express.]

—During the recent thunder storm on Thursday night of last week a charge of the electric fluid passed down a tall tree in Mr. James West's door yard, tearing off a number of limbs and gouging out strips of wood nearly as large as a man's thigh and scattering them around the house, also shivering a part of the fence to atoms. Mr. West at the time was quietly sleeping within twenty feet of the scene.

Our esteemed young friend Mr. George Graham left our village on Tuesday morning to take up his abode in the western part of this province. Before leaving, on Monday night the "boys" congregated at the Commercial Hotel for the purpose of giving him a "send off" in the way of an elegant supper. "Mine host" Mr. Walroth was equal to the occasion and got up a sumptuous repast. After doing ample justice to the good things provided the toast of "our guest" was proposed and ably responded to, when "He's a jolly good fellow" was rendered in a style worthy of the party. After this speeches were in order, in some of which touching allusions were made to the late President Garfield. Then a few more songs were given, interlarded with pithy recitations. After spending a very pleasant evening the company was dispersed by singing the National Anthem.

Switzerville.

[Correspondence of The Express.]

Vissar and his fair bride, the former organist of this church. May their shadows never grow less.

PRINCE EDWARD SHOW.

The Prince Edward County Exhibition was held in Picton on Thursday. Though the show was said to have been a much better success than those of some years past the number of entries or the number in attendance was not probably one-half as large as our own County Show. Messrs. Potter & Williams of Napanee carried off prizes on both their fine stallions. Messrs. Dawson & Son of Ernesttown took first prizes on thorough-bred cattle, grade cattle and sheep. We believe there were no other exhibitors from this county.

KINGSTON CENTRAL FAIR.

LENNOX PRIZE WINNERS.

We notice from the prize list of the Kingston Central Exhibition last week that a number of the leading farmers of this county were successful, as usual, in taking off a large share of all the prizes in the classes in which they were exhibitors. The following are some of the leading prizes taken:—Best thorough-bred stallion, Potter & Williams, Napanee; best stallion, two years old, John Sharpe, Esq., Ernesttown; best stallion, one year old, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; best stallion, any age, John Sharpe, Esq., Ernesttown; gelding, two years old, third, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; gelding, three years old, third, John Sharpe, Esq., Ernesttown; best filly, two years old, S. K. Miller, Ernesttown; best filly, one year old, F. Kayler, Esq., Morven; span matched farm horses, second, S. K. Miller, Morven; best road or carriage stallion, Potter & Williams, Napanee; gelding, three years old, second, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; filly, three years old, second, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; filly, two years old, S. K. Miller, Ernesttown; brood mare, foal by side, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; foal of 1881, second, W. R. Dorn, Ernesttown; best pair matched carriage horses, Gibbard & Son, Napanee, second, S. K. Miller, Ernesttown; single carriage horse, F. H. Gordiner, Morven; single carriage horse under 15½ hands, R. N. Switzer, second, F. H. Gordiner, Morven; saddle horse, S. Madden, North Fredericksburgh; best bull under three years old, D. B. Booth, Odessa; bull calf of 1881, F. Kayler, Morven, second, D. B. Booth, Odessa; best cow, four years old and upwards, Allen Bond, Ernesttown; heifer, under three years old, W.

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Switzerville.

[Correspondence of The Express.]

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The late rains have made a marked change in the countenances of the people of this locality. Everybody seems pleased and the farmers are taking hold of the fall work as if they were bound to make it go. Fall wheat and rye will be sown quite extensively during the present week. The farmers seem bound to hold their barley until it reaches one dollar per bushel.

THE KINGSTON CENTRAL.—Your correspondent last week spoke of the stir the Central Fair at Kingston was creating. I am glad to be able to inform you that our exhibitors at Kingston were successful in carrying off a large number of prizes. W. R. Doran succeeded in winning several prizes on colts of different ages; also second prize on factory cheese. R. N. Switzer carried off six prizes on sheep and the first prize on the best carriage horse under 15½ hands high. C. W. Neville's cotswold lamb that was brought down from the Toronto Exhibition was too much for anything at Kingston and of course took the first prize. Lennox succeeded in carrying off her share of prizes on horses. Cyrus Sharp showed a couple of very fine colts two and three years old and carried off the first prize. George Gardiner of Morven took a first prize on carriage horse over 15½ hands high and a second prize on carriage horse under 15½ hands high. I should not forget to mention the successful prize winners Messrs. Potter & Williams and J. Gibbard & Son. The magnificent display of furniture exhibited by J. Gibbard & Son was highly creditable.

North Fredericksburgh.

[Correspondence of The Express.]

—The long drouth has at last ended and we have had considerable rain during the past week and want still more. We are, however, thankful to the Divine Giver of all good for the showers he has sent us. The grass is already springing under their genial influence and all nature rejoices.

—The farmers here are busy threshing and the grain is turning out exceedingly well. One very remarkable peculiarity that I have noticed on the part of the Fredericksburgh farmers is the absence of grumbling and the contented tone of their conversation. Is this as well as the absence of potato bugs attributable to the N. P.?

—I regret to state that we have considerable sickness at present amongst us. Mrs. Augustus Hayek, Mr. Givens Carscallen, Mrs. Conrad Cole and others have been prostrated by illness, and I am very sorry to add to the number our esteemed neighbour Wm. Miller, Esq., who was stricken down by a paralytic stroke on Monday morning and now lies in a very precarious condition.

—Cupid has been very busy out here lately. We noticed quite a sprinkling of young brides on Sunday evening at Bethany M. E. Church.

—This week has been signalized by some more of Hymen's achievements in the neighborhood of the Carscallen school house.

—We have noticed amongst us this week the old familiar countenance of the Rev. David Wilson of Demorestville, and on Sunday evening we had the pleasure of again greeting at Bethany Church the Rev. A. H.

horse under 15½ hands, R. N. Switzer, second, F. H. Gardiner, Morven; saddle horse, S. Madden, North Fredericksburgh; best bull under three years old, D. B. Booth, Odessa; bull calf of 1881, R. Kayler, Morven, second, D. B. Booth, Odessa; best cow, four years old and upwards, Allen Bond, Ernesttown; heifer, under three years old, W. Dawson & Son, Ernesttown; heifer calf of 1881, W. Dawson & Son, Ernesttown; heifer calf, under two years, W. Dawson & Son, Ernesttown; best cotswold ram, two shears and over, J. H. Gordon, Odessa; cotswold ram lamb, C. W. Neville, Switzerville, third, J. H. Gordon, Odessa; two ewe lambs, cotswold, second, R. H. Switzer; shearling leicester rams, C. W. Neville, Switzerville; two ewes, leicester, two shears and over, R. N. Switzer; two shearling ewes, R. N. Switzer; two ewe lambs, R. N. Switzer; southdown ram, two shears and over, second, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; shearling ram, two shears and over, second, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown, third, Geo. A. Parrott, Odessa; ram lamb, two shears and over, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; two ewes, two shears and over, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; two shearling ewes, two shears and over, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; two ewe lambs, two shears and over, second, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; pen of southdowns, W. Dawson & Sons, Ernesttown; Oxford ram lamb, R. N. Switzer; ram lamb, any breed, first and second, S. K. Miller, Ernesttown; best wax flowers, Mrs. Geo. A. Parrott, Odessa. The Messrs. Rathbun & Son, Deseronto, carried off third for saddle horse; first for Durham heifer under two years old, first for grade heifer under two years old, second for yearling stallion, second for Durham heifer calf of 1881; white wheat, third, S. Madden; five wheat, third, S. Madden; rye, third, D. B. Booth; white oats, S. Madden; oats, any kind, S. Madden; field peas, second, Ebenezer Fretts, North Fredericksburgh; buckwheat, third, S. Madden; Indian corn, second, S. Madden; white beans, S. Madden; pumpkins, first, W. R. Dorn, second, S. Madden, third, R. Dawson; apples, ten varieties, three each, S. Madden, third, Geo. A. Parrott; greening apples, Geo. A. Parrott; northern spy apples, second, Geo. A. Parrott; roxbury russet apples, second, Geo. A. Parrott; twelve harvest apples, second, Geo. A. Parrott; salsafy apples, second, S. Madden; cheddar cheese, second, W. R. Dorn; maple sugar, S. Madden; wooden pump, first and second, C. H. Wartman, Colebrook; mowing machine, John Herring; sett drawing-room furniture, first and second, J. Gibbard & Son; sett bed-room furniture, J. Gibbard & Son; sideboard, second, W. T. Gibbard; J. Gibbard recommended for an extra assortment of fancy chairs; spring mattresses, J. Gibbard. Our former townsmen, Mr. D. Wattlell, carried off all the prizes on harness. He is now doing business in Kingston.

—Last Saturday a little boy named Dick Holmes, of West Belleville, aged five years, was gathering coal on a smouldering stack pile when it caved in and he was almost burnt to a crisp and died four hours afterwards. His sister Maggie who jumped in and dragged him out was also fatally burned.

—An important decision was given in the Police Court, Belleville, on Tuesday. Jas. Mackie, hotel-keeper, was charged by the license inspector with violating the law by opening a second bar-room on his premises. The magistrate dismissed the charge holding that the license covered the whole premises.

Legal Cards.

W. S. WILLIAMS, BARRISTER, AT-TORNEY, Office at Assignee, etc., Napanee.

D. H. PRESTON, BARRISTER, AND Attorney-at law, Solicitor in Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc. Office, Mills' Block, Dundas-st., Napanee, Ont.

S. GIBSON, BARRISTER AND ATTOR-NEY-AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office, Grange Block, John-st., Napanee.

JOHN ENGLISH, ATTORNEY, SOLICI-TOR in Chancery, etc. Office—In the room lately occupied by Mr. E. B. Stone, over Henry's Book Store, Napanee.

MURPHY & BEDFORD, BARRISTERS, &c., Mill Point. Money to lend on improved Real Estate.

REEVE & MORDEN, BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, etc. Office—Perry's New Block, Dundas-st., Napanee, Ont. **W. A. REEVE, M. A.** **A. L. MORDEN,** Co. Crown Attorney.

DEROCHE & MADDEN, BARRISTERS and Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Office—In Grange Block, Napanee. Money to loan on easy terms.

H. M. DEROCHÉ. **J. H. MADDEN.**

Medical Cards.

R. A. LEONARD, M. D., C.P.S. (LATE House Surgeon of Kingston General Hospital,) Physician, Surgeon, etc. Office—Over Ferguson Bros'. Hardware Store, Napanee.

Business Cards.

M. J. BUTLER, PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Civil Engineer, &c. Office, East End of Grange Block.

W. F. HALL, AGENT CANADA FIRE and Marine, Lancashire and Liverpool, and London and Globe Insurance Companies. Office, Napanee Paper Co., John-st.

JAMES AYLSWORTH, ISSUER OF Marriage Licenses, Tamworth.

W. V. DETLOR, INSURANCE AGENT, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Napanee.

ROBERT GRAHAM, ISSUER OF MAR-RIAGE Licenses, Office in the Dominion Store, Enterprise.

J. J. WATSON, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses and Certificates, Adolphustown.

C. L. ROGERS, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses and Certificates, Conveyancer, etc., Bath, Ont.

ANSON STORMS, ISSUER OF MAR-RIAGE Licenses, Conveyancer, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c., Odessa, Ont.]

CHARLES LANE, ISSUER OF MAR-

Miscellaneous Cards.

Mair's Machine Shop.

STEAM ENGINES and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of Machinery repaired on the shortest notice. Remember the place, opposite the old City Hotel, corner of Adelaide and Bridge St.

THOS. SYMINGTON,
SEED AND
PROVISION MERCHANT,
DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

Pork at Toronto wholesale prices. Seed of all kinds a specialty. Best flour and feed at lowest rates.

THOS. SYMINGTON.

NAPANEE STEAM DYE WORKS.

J. MONTGOMERY

Begs to announce that his increased facilities for doing all kinds of dyeing enable him to do work

Cheaper and Better than ever Before.

Dress Goods, Cloth of all kinds, Shawls, Cloaks. Yarn dyed in the latest shades of color; also Furs and Kid Gloves cleaned, and Feathers cleaned, dyed and pressed on short notice.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY AT-TENDED TO.

Works: Water Street, Napanee.

FARMERS, READ THIS.

ROYAL
Insurance Company.

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - TEN MILLION DOLLARS.
Shareholders' Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars.

Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

FARM PROPERTY INSURED AGAINST
DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.

W. S. WILLIAMS,

38 3rd. Agent for Napanee & District.

POTTER & WILLIAMS.

LIVERY & SALE STABLES.

Adjoining the Brisco House.

FIRST CLASS RIGS.

MODERATE CHARGES.

WORKING THE TRAINS.

Men Who Make Their Living by
ling Railroad Passengers—A G
Poker Hand.

New York Sun.

"They give us a little whirl once while now," said an old Erie railway conductor, "but we've got 'em down so that they can't work our trains with profit. Ten years were the flush with our monte men and confidence men."

"It's a funny thing, but it's a fact these swindlers are not experts from New York and other big cities, as anyone naturally suppose them to be, but are of the towns along the road. We Oswego, Elmira, and Binghamton are places from which they usually come. They think that these country sharpers can count anything that comes from the cities. They presume on their knowledge of the country and their acquaintance with the railroad men. They are generally well called 'the best fellows in the world.' They don't care for money, and would go to do anyone a favor than the best School superintendent you ever saw. We started a subscription for a brakeman's family. He was killed at Susquehanna and left a wife and four children without a cent. I had the paper at Binghamton where quite a number of the boys were talking about it so anyone in the country could hear. A preacher-looking fellow was on the platform waiting for the train. He came up to me and says: 'I'll help the brakeman's wife a little money. Who do you suppose he was?' Bailey, the worst confidence man that ever worked a train. He's dead now. I have even hundred out of a granger in Alleghany county on the 'busted stock' business. The granger got on a swindle at Addison. He just necked the fellow, shoved him down the aisle, and the fellow fell off. His father was a judge in one of the northern counties of Pennsylvania, and they sent him home."

"Emigrants ten years ago were big for the three-card monte men and swindlers. It was impossible to watch the trains were so long. They got through with the business and train before we knew anything was wrong. 'Hig Jersey,' one of the quietest fellows ever saw, was the boss worker of emigrants. He could talk all the languages there are. His real name was Warren. He was a native of Baltimore and lived nearly all his life in northern Pennsylvania. He always claimed to be a graduate of Yale college. He was the origin of very many of the card tricks with sleight-of-hand performers amuse themselves. He could handle cards with terity that was simply wonderful. He had over \$3,000 from an emigrant train. Central road between Auburn and daigua, in one night. He was an inveterate player. One night he went into Bradford's place, in Scranton—the men they used to call it—and won \$9,000, emptying the bank, and causing Bradford to leave the place. The same night he was one of the entire sum in a notorious re-

MARRIAGE Licenses, Conveyancer, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, &c., Odessa, Ont.]

CHARLES LANE ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses and Certificates. Office—Front of Grammar school, Bridge Street, Napanee.

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BYRON DERBYSHIRE, LICENSED Auctioneer, Odessa, will attend all sales in any part of the counties of Lennox and Addington. Correspondence solicited.

Hotel Cards.

BRISCO HOUSE,

Dundas Street, Napanee, Ont.

Dr. D. D. CHIDESTER, (late of the Queen's, T. Eaton,) proprietor. First-class in every respect. Excellent stables and sheds. 37-ly.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 AND 6½ PER cent. \$50,000 to loan, private funds; in sums to suit borrowers, on security of approved farm and town property, for periods of from two to twenty years, repayable by instalments or at end of term, to suit borrower. Interest payable yearly. Apply to S. GIBSON, Grange Block, Napanee.

MONEY TO LOAN.

\$2,000,000 to loan at 6 per cent. No commission charged.

W. S. WILLIAMS.
Napanee, July 16, '81. 38 3m.

MONEY TO LOAN

At 6, 6½, and 7 Per Cent.

—BY—

THOS. FLYNN,

Auctioneer, Provincial Valuator, &c. Mart next door to Paisley House, Napanee. 40-ly.

Miscellaneous Cards.

HANLAN PLOUGH.

A LONG FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

Farmers have long felt the want of a plough that will plough the ground immediately after harvest, without waiting for rain. Such a plough is now being manufactured by

PRINGLE & CO., OF NAPANEE,

called the "Hanlan Plough."

We also manufacture a very superior CORN CULTIVATOR. About seventy five different patterns of Plough Snarls kept constantly on hand. As we are practical men and make a specialty of these articles, we will warrant to give satisfaction.

—PRINGLE & CO.

Napanee, Aug. 19, 1881.

FIRST CLASS RIGGS.

MODERATE CHARGES.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE.

AT MODERATE RATES

—IN THE—

"WESTERN."

"IMPERIAL."

"HARTFORD."

"DOMINION."

"CITIZENS."

"NORTHERN."

"SOVEREIGN."

"UNION."

"SCOTTISH IMPERIAL."

—AND—

PHOENIX OF TORONTO.

W. V. DETLOR,

Napanee, July, 1881. (38) Agent.

CANADIAN

Singer Family Sewing Machine.

THOS FLYNN, SOLE AGENT.

OFFICE NEXT HUFFMAN HOUSE,

NAPANEE.

Sold on Easy Terms of Payment and Cheap for Cash.

This is the best Machine Manufactured. He is instructed to offer exceedingly liberal terms to Dress Makers, &c.

TIME AND ACCOMMODATION.

This offer is only made for a short time. Come and Inspect before Purchasing Elsewhere.

Second Hand Machines taken as part Payment.

WANTED—A few agents. Constant Employment and Good Pay.

The Philosophy of True Love.

One knocked at his beloved's door, and a voice from within said: "Who is there?" He answered: "It is I." Then the voice said: "This house will not hold me and thee." And the door remained fast shut. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude. And after a year he returned and again knocked at the door. And again the voice asked: "Who is there?" And he said: "It is thyself." And immediately the door was opened to him.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
The cup that cheers but does not inebriate
—The buttercup.

ing the bank, and causing Bradford the place. The same night he w of the entire sum in a notorious Commercial alley, and he went Mexico. He was killed there in a row by the brother of the brakeman aid of whose family John Bailey, and an occasional assistant of K subscribed \$50.

"But the vigilance of the men now running the Erie has about l the three-card monte business on We know pretty well now who the are, and we always keep an eye The other day, for the first time one of them managed to get his wo passenger and got \$400 out of him. spotted, though, by a brakeman, caught as he was attempting to jun train at Belvidere. He's in the county jail now, and no doubt he the state for a spell.

"About the neatest thing any o employes ever did in the way of g best of a train sharper was 'Pop capture of a well-known expert 'Bunky' Silver. Silver had been and could do more tricks with c any fellow I ever knew. He ha Syracuse, if I remember right, a first-class business on the Central time. Under the old Minot ma trains on the Erie were few and far and finally Silver got to working trains, as the chances were bette getting away with his gains. He into Cattaraugus county, and one Ellicottsville swindled a lawyer o by one of his card tricks. It was for him to get out, and he struck Dayton, a station on the Erie r boarded Poppy Ayer's train, whi big load of Swedes who were goir Illinois. The Swedes who emig this country in those days gene money about them. What does watch his coance, and personate an the road. He went through the car tel in their own language, for he coul that it would be necessary for th change their money for American Then emigrants did not get the exchanged in Castle Garden. Sil big pile of money, and shoved o emigrants a lot of queer stuff. V train arrived in an out-of-the-way gave the bell-rope a jerk and waite train to stop. Poppy Ayer was in gage-car. He saw the bell-rope jer hurried back to see what was th He saw Silver jump off the train c run across the fields. Poppy kno thing was wrong, so he hops starts after the sharper. Poppy w he ran that fellow down, althoug the distance across three ten-acre l it. He collared him and brought l to the train. He got every cen money back, and had the thief se burn for seven years. Pop was re ed at headquarters for leaving and his train; but when they investi case the reprimand was remitted, conductor's salary was raised.

"Ten years ago one of the b sharpeners was a young fellow known Shirt." He was the one who inve tissue paper racket with cards. was to get up a quiet game of euel a party of fellows in a smoking-car they played along while Red Shir say:

WORKING THE TRAINS.

The Make Their Living by Swind- ; Railroad Passengers—A Good Poker Hand.

New York Sun.

ey give us a little whirl once in a now," said an old Erie railway con- "but we've got 'em down so fine ey can't work our trains with much ten years were the flush times ur monte men and confidence oper-

s a funny thing, but it's a fact, that windlers are not experts from New nd other big cities, as anyone would y suppose them to be, but are natives towns along the road. Waverly, , Elmira, and Binghamton are the from which they usually come, and I hat these country sharpers can dis- anything that comes from the big They presume on their knowledge country and their acquaintance with i men. They are generally what we e best fellows in the world.' They are for money, and would go further nyone a favor than the best Sunday- superintendent you ever saw. Once rted a subscription for a brakeman's

He was killed at Susquehanna, t a wife and four children without a I had the paper at Binghamton, quite a number of the boys were, and king about it so anyone in the room ear. A preacher-looking sort of a was on the platform waiting for a He came up to me and says: 'I guess p the brakeman's wife a little.' He lped 'Cash \$50,' and gave me the

Who do you s'pose he was? John the worst confidence man that ever a train. He's dead now. He got n hundred out of a granger from ny county on the 'busted stock-rai- ness. The granger got on to the at Addison. He just necked the shoved him down the aisle of the the platform, and in the struggle ell off. His father was a country n one of the northern counties of lvania, and they sent his remains

igrants ten years ago were big game e three-card monte men and other rs. It was impossible to watch them the trains were so long. They could ough with the business and off the efore we knew anything was wrong. rsey,' one of the quietest fellows you w, was the boss worker of emigrant

He could talk all the languages e. His real name was Warren Kirk- He was a native of Baltimore, but arly all his life in northern Pennsyl- He always claimed to be a graduate college. He was the originator of any of the card tricks with which of-hand performers amuse their audi- He could handle cards with a dex- hat was simply wonderful. He took ,000 from an emigrant train on the road between Auburn and Canan- in one night. He was an inveterate yer. One night he went into Steve d's place, in Scranton—"the major's," ed to call it—and won \$9,000, break- bank, and causing Bradford to leave ce. The same night he was robbed entire sum in a notorious resort in

"Well, damme if I ain't got just about the best poker hand you ever saw."

"Whenever he'd say that, you could make up your mind that some one else a- playing had about as good a poker hand's you ever saw. It was always four aces. The man that held the four aces wouldn't fail to speak out, and reckon he had a hand it wasn't easy to beat. Then Red Shirt would say:

"'Spoke we make a little bet, just for the fun o' the thing."

"A man that holds four aces ain't going to throw away a chance of that kind. They bet. They raise one another, and Red Shirt knows about when it'll be a good time to quit, and then he calls."

"I've got four aces," says t'other man.

"Let's see 'em" says Red Shirt.

"The cards are shown up. Red Shirt takes 'em up."

"Ah, here now," he says, as he puts his hand on the money on the board, "what you doin', tryin' to come New York games?" and he gives one o' the cards a rub with his thumb and shoves a little piece of paper off each en' of the card, and there's a tray-spot. Red Shirt lays down four of a kind, or a full, or anything that'll beat three of a kind, and before the man can recover from his astonishment, has the money in his pocket and is off the cars, for he never failed to time the game for a stop of the train at some station.

"Red Shirt's name was John Brown. There probably never was his superior as a three-card-monte man either, as he was a regular worker of country fairs and races when the railroads got too hot for him. He died of consumption. He was a hard drinker and a fast liver."

"But there ain't much show for these sharpers on Erie trains any more. Conduc- tors and brakemen are always on the look- out, and they're pretty sure to be caught."

The Prevention of Disease.

"Prevention is better than cure and far cheaper," said John Locke, two hundred years ago; and the history of medical science has since made it more and more probable that, in a stricter sense of the word, prevention is the only possible cure. By observing the health laws of nature, a sound constitu- tion can be very easily preserved, but, if a violation of those laws has brought on a dis- ease, all we can do by way of "curing" that disease is to remove the cause; in other words, to prevent the continued operation of the predisposing circumstances.

Suppressing the symptoms in any other way means only to change the form of the disease, or to postpone its crisis. Thus, mercurial salves will cleanse the skin by driving the ulcers from the surface to the interior of the body; opiates stop a flux only by paralyzing the bowels—i. e., turning their morbid activity into a morbid in- activity; the symptoms of pneumonia can be suppressed by bleeding the patient till the exhausted system has to postpone the crisis of the disease. This process, the "breaking up of a sickness," in the language of the old school allopathists, is, therefore, in reality, only an interrupting of it, a tem- porary interruption of the symptoms. We might as well try to cure the sleepiness of a weary child by pinching its eyelids, or the hunger of a whining dog by compressing his throat.

COMICAL GERMAN NAMES.

The Literal Meanings of Names That Be- long to very Eminent Families.

More comical and repulsive names are current in Germany than in any other European country, but Germans do not seem to suffer from the miseries of eccentric nomenclature as keenly as do Englishmen, Frenchmen, or even Italians. Perhaps their indifference in this regard springs partly from their natural shortcoming as far as a sense of humor is concerned, and partly from the deep and solid self-satisfaction, which is one of their national characteristics. A glance over the pages of the Berlin directory will enable any one acquainted with the German language to pick out hundreds of as- tonishingly incongruous names owned by persons holding distinguished positions in the official, commercial, and artistic circles of the capital. No social class is exempt from this affliction. Illustrious nobles are often as ridiculously named as the humblest proletariat. For instance, one of the most ancient baronial families in Prussia rejoices in the designation "Gatekeeper of Hell," and the name of the wealthiest count in the German empire, literally rendered into our vernacular, is "Handle of Thunder-Marrow." To our apprehensions these patronymics are no whit less nonsensical and unfit for family use than the utterly plebeian "Blood- sausage," "Whitcamel," or "Twoyearold- wildboar," that abound in the fatherland; but Germans see nothing funny or uncommon in them, and are unfeignedly surprised when the intelligent foreigner sojourning in their midst ventures to hint that, in any other country, names so extravagantly incon- gruous would inevitably render life intoler- able to their luckless possessors, by reason of the inexhaustible banter, chaff, and satirical comment they could not fail to suggest to social wags and comic journal- ists.

The majority of the more high-sounding and poetical names that meet the eye upon German shop-fronts or in the advertising sheets of the Teuonic daily press belongs to persons of Jewish extraction. Not more than a couple of centuries ago the German Israelite, as a rule, was forlorn of a family name. He was either known by a "front name" supplemented by that of his father, as "Aaron-ben-David," or "Solomon-ben- Israel," or by some nickname owing its origin to the nature of his occupation, or, perhaps, to a conspicuous physical peculiar- ity. This vagueness in his denomination and his errant commercial habits enabled him to dodge the tax-gatherer, and gave the German administration a good deal of trouble in dealing with him from a fiscal point of view. It was therefore resolved to make him distinctly identifiable by the sim- ple process of compelling him to make a family name, stick to it during his own life, and transmit it by legal act of registration to his children. No restrictions were im- posed upon him in the matter of choice, and his flowery Oriental instincts prompted him to select patronymics significant of things beautiful or noble in nature, of great provinces, or stately cities, kingly birds and beasts, moral virtues, and picturesque thoughts. Hence the following names, proper to German Israelite families of all classes: Valley-of Lilies, Mountain-of-Roses, Stone-of-Honor, Silesian, Englishman, War-

a bank, and causing Bradford to leave
ace. The same night he was robbed
entire sum in a notorious resort in
erial alley, and he went to New
o. He was killed there in a drunken
y the brother of the brakeman in the
whose family John Bailey, a chum
n occasional assistant of Kirkham's,
ibed \$50.

it the vigilance of the men who are
unning the Erie has about broken up
ree-card monte business on our cars.
ow pretty well now who the swindlers
nd we always keep an eye on them.
ther day, for the first time in years,
them managed to get his work in on a
ger and got \$400 out of him. He was
l, though, by a brakeman, and was
as he was attempting to jump off the
at Belvidere. He's in the Steuben
jail now, and no doubt he will servs
te for a spell.

out the neatest thing any of the Erie
es ever did in the way of getting the
f a train sharper was 'Poppy' Ayer's
e of a well-known expert known as
y' Silver. Silver had been a printer,
ould do more tricks with cards than
llow I ever knew. He hailed from
se, if I remember right, and did a
ass business on the Central for a long
Under the old Minot management
on the Erie were few and far between,
nally Silver got to working on our
as the chances were better for his
away with his gains. He got down
ttaraugus county, and one night at
tsville swindled a lawyer out of \$100
of his card tricks. It was necessary
n to get out, and he struck across to
n, a station on the Erie road. He d
d Poppy Ayer's train, which had a
d of Swedes who were going out to
. The Swedes who emigrated to
untry in those days generally had
about them. What does Silver do
his coance, and personate an agent of
l. He went through the cars telling them
own language, for he could talk it,
; would be necessary for them to ex-
their money for American money.
migrants did not get their money
ged in Castle Garden. Silver got a
e of money, and shoved off on the
nts a lot of queer stuff. When the
rrived in an out-of-the-way place he
ie bell-rope a jerk and waited for the
stop. Poppy Ayer was in the bag-
r. He saw the bell-rope jerked, and
back to see what was the matter.
v Silver jump off the train on a dead
ross the fields. Poppy knew some-
was wrong, so he hops off, and
fter the sharper. Poppy was fat, but
that fellow down, although it took
bance across three ten-acre lots to do
collared him and brought him back
train. He got every cent of the
back, and had the thief sent to Au-
r seven years. Pop was reprimand-
eadquarters for leaving and delaying
in; but when they investigated the
e reprimand was remitted, and the
tor's salary was raised.

years ago one of the boss card
s was a young fellow known as 'Red'
He was the one who invented the
paper racket with cards. His plan
get up a quiet game of euchre with
of fellows in a smoking-car. After
ayed along while Red Shirt would

might as well try to cure the sleepiness of a
weary child by pinching its eyelids, or the
hunger of a whining dog by compressing his
throat.

Drugs are not wholly useless. If my life
depended upon a job of work that had to be
finished before morning, and the inclination
to fall asleep was getting irresistible, I
should not hesitate to defy nature, and keep
myself awake with cup after cupful of strong
black coffee. If I were afflicted with a sore,
spreading rapidly from my temple toward
my nose, I should suppress it by the shortest
process, even by deliberately producing a
larger sore elsewhere, rather than let the
smaller one destroy my eyesight. There
are also two or three forms of disease which
have (thus far) resisted all unmedicinal
cures, and can hardly be trusted to the heal-
ing powers of nature—the *lues venerea*,
scabies, and prurigo—because, as Claude
Bernard suggests, their symptoms are
probably due to the agency of microscopic
parasites, which oppose to the action of the
vital forces a life energy of their own, or, as
Dr. Jennings puts it, "because art has here
to interfere—not for the purpose of breaking
up diseased action, but for the removal of
the cause of that action, the destruction of
an active virtue that possesses the power of
self-perpetuation beyond the dislodging
ability of nature."

But with those rare exceptions it is better
to direct our efforts against the cause rather
than the symptoms—i. e., in about ninety-
nine cases out of a hundred it is not only
the safer but also the shorter way to avoid
drugs, reform our habits, and, for the rest,
let nature have her course; for, properly
speaking, disease itself is a reconstructive
process, an expulsive effort, whose interrup-
tion compels nature to do double work; to
resume her operations against the ailment
after expelling a worse enemy—the drugs.
If a drugged patient recovers, the true ex-
planation is that his constitution was strong
enough to overcome both the disease and the
druggist.

Automatic Telegraphy.

In all these—the single Morso system, the
Duplex and Quadruplex, the harmonic tele-
graph, and the printing telegraphs—there is
one defect, one limitation, that forever bars
the way to cheap Telegraphy. In the auto-
graphic system the apparatus used in Europe
is too complicated, and not of much com-
mercial value. In all except this the opera-
tor stands in our way. It makes no differ-
ence that there are four operators at each
end of the line. It would make no difference
if there were twenty. If some one had a
method of enabling for weavers to work at
the same time on a hand-loom, and thus pro-
duce four webs at once, it could not be re-
garded as a particularly good invention.
Only when the loom was made automatic
was real progress possible. In like manner,
when Wheatstone, Siemens-Halskie, and
Edison sought to do away with the Morse
operator, real progress was made, and cheap
telegraphy was made possible.

This is the new telegraph to which the

"You should have seen the situation of
her lips," said the young clerk, enthu-
siastically. "The situation?" began his friend.
"Yes, the situation of her lips." "What
did you do?" "I grasped the situation.
That's what I did. In fact, I grasped the
situation several times before I left."

though, hence the following names,
proper to German Israelite families of all
classes: Valley of Lilies, Mountain-of-Roses,
Stone-of-Honor, Silesian, Englishman, War-
saw, Viennese, Eagle, Lion, Whale, Honor-
able, Pious, Humility, Trust-God, Peace-of
Countries, Rich-in-Virtue, Lovely-Home,
Holiday - Evening, Mountain - of - Thanks,
Ladies-Praise, and many others as romantic
or idealistic as the foregoing. Alike astute
and artistic, the Jews of the fatherland,
under stern compulsion to establish their
identity as rate-payers, bestowed upon them-
selves all the prettiest and noblest patronym-
ics the German language could afford,
leaving to their Christian compatriots, the
ugliest and most ignoble.

But there be other by no means uncommon
German names, so intrinsically eccentric,
anomalous, and unreasonable that it is
scarcely possible to account to one's self for
their origin or appropriation by sane human
beings. What, for instance, can be the
motive prompting a son of Teut to call him-
self "Effervescentweather," "Doornail,"
or "Blistervillage." From what queer
fancies or odd incidents did such names as
"Frothmountain," "Cat-selbow," "Pan-
handle," "Horsedeceiver," "Tigerstream,"
"Doubleflourish," "Scissorscorner," and
"Dairybasin," derive their *raison d'être*?
Every conjecture I have hitherto ventured
respecting the genesis of these astounding
compound irrelevancies has, I am bound to
say, been utterly lacking in verisimilitude.
Perhaps some of your readers may be more
successful than myself in divining the "un-
dederivatur" of such a perplexing "front-
name" as, let us say, "Knuckl villa e." I
cordially recommend it to their attention
and research.

There is, indeed, an inexhaustible wealth
of puzzlement in German names. Why, in
the name of all that is august and illustrious,
should the senior royal duke of the father-
land, a near relative of our own queen and
own brother of a deceased magnate
whose statue adorns fair Geneva, bear such
a farcical title as "Brown, be silent?" Of
what heinous offense had the capital of a
flourishing German duchy been guilty that
it should have been subjected to the per-
petual punishment of so unpleasant a desig-
nation as "Bowel Town?" "High Taxer"
may seem appropriate enough, as a des-
criptive family name, to the supreme ruler of
Germany, but it is certainly open to objec-
tion as an incessant reminder to the German
people of the least agreeable characteristic
of that great and ancient house, whose
venerable head now wears the imperial
crown.

Flanking the Snakes.

From the Kingston Freeman.

The biggest snake story comes from back
of Ellenville, where it is said a man who had
built a house against the mountain was so
troubled with blow adders, rattlesnakes,
copperheads, milk snakes, and other snakes
getting in his house and crawling on him in
the bed at night, and after getting up in the
morning several times, and notwithstanding
great precautions taken the night before,
finding a snake or two in the sheets of the
bed, that he had his house raised on posts
and the posts tinned similar to the way
farmers fix their corn-cribs to keep rats out
of them, and he hasn't been troubled with
snakes since. This is given as an excellent
remedy for those whose houses are overrun
with snakes in a similar manner.

Summer and Autumn.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented hay,
O'er the stubble, sere and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay:

Ah, alas!

Summers pass—

Like our joys, they pass away.

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie
Neath the newly budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky:

But, alas!

Time will pass,

And the flowers of spring must die!

Of my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow hay was mown:

But, alas!

Summers pass—

Now, I wander all alone!

Love, like summer time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay;
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice, which seems to say,

"Love, alas!

Also pass,

As the summers pass away!"

GEORGE ARNOLD.

"OF THORNS, GRAPES?"

By the Author of "HIS VICTORIA CROSS."

CLARE STANHOPE'S DIAMONDS," "A

STRANGE WEDDING-EVE," &c.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

There was not a great crowd in the rooms when Ernscliffe and his young wife entered them. The season was on the wane, and people had seen and "done" everything, and were getting weary. But Vane had not been through the first room when he said gently—

"There is Margherita, with the Verners, and the artist Maremma. You met him the other night, didn't you, Gipsy?"

She looked over to the other side of the room. Her face slightly clouded. She had no wish to meet Margherita. She always felt such a very second-rate person in her presence. Margherita seemed to live in a world to which she could gain no admittance. But, before she could make any answer, Margherita had seen them, and came across the room.

"You are the very people I wanted to see," she said with her sunny smile. "Mr. Verner is dying to be introduced to you, Mrs. Ernscliffe. That is his expression, not mine. May I present him and his sister?"

And, scarcely waiting for Effie's assent, Margherita beckoned her friends over and introduced Darcy Verner and his sister to her.

Verner's mental verdict was that Ernscliffe's wife was more than pretty, and that, if she had not the finished ease and grace of a woman of society, still she would never be awkward or lose a certain self-possession which gave her dignity, even though her manner might be stiff and shy.

He began to talk to her immediately; and, as he had plenty of "light cavalry" conversation, was at no loss to "keep up the ball." He paired off with her, Miss Verner with Maremma, and Vane remained talking with Margherita. Effie was not quite pleased with this arrangement, though Verner amused her and put her at her ease. She wanted to be with Vane, and was vexed Margherita

"My dear Mrs. Ernscliffe, you must not get him into bad habits by letting him off his debts. Mr. Verner would bet all day if he never paid his losses."

"Ah, Mademoiselle della Rocca, you are cruel! Do some one defend me! Ernscliffe—Mary?"

"Not I," rejoined his sister. "I give you up! I see too much of you."

"Never mind, *mon cher*," said Vane, "you may satisfy yourself that you are a genius, since you are misunderstood. Shall we go through the rooms? You must be getting tired Gipsy"—turning to the girl with an instant softening of eye and lip, which Margherita noted.

"No, I am not tired. I should like to see the pictures," answered Effie; and this time she found herself by her husband's side, Verner on her left, while Margherita was with Giuseppe Maremma and Miss Verner.

But Effie soon grew weary, and her attention flagged. Her head ached, she said, and she would like to go home. There was another reason too, which she did not give. Margherita had joined them when Verner and his sister left.

Effie was glad to find herself in the carriage when Ernscliffe had seen Margherita to hers.

"You are over-tired, dear," said Vane, bending down to her and taking her hand in his. "What is it?"

But she turned her head away and answered—

"Nothing; I have a headache—that's all."

Again that grave look, half-sad, half-displeased, swept over the artist's face, and his lips were compressed tightly for an instant. For he thought he knew the reason of her ailence. But perhaps she was not well, and very likely full of sick fancies; no doubt she would be herself again soon. He must bear with her tenderly. Was it not his fault that she was lifted into a false position?

CHAPTER VI.

The red glow of firelight and the refugence of the lamps on the toilet-table fell upon the tall slender figure of Margherita della Rocca, as she stood on the hearth, resting one dainty slipped foot on the shining steel bar, her hands clasped loosely before her, her large clear eyes fixed upon the blaze with a dreamy look that was half of pain.

Nearly a year had gone by since the day she gave Vane Ernscliffe back his wife. It was chill April, not warm bright June; but the months had not changed her perceptibly; a careless eye would not have noted a certain grave settling of the lips and a shadow in the beautiful eyes.

She had not seen Ernscliffe since that day they had parted to go their separate ways, she to Florence, he to the South of France with his wife. He had simply clasped her hand and said, "Farewell, Margherita!" in his sweet-toned voice. So he had parted from her before with such hand-clasps and such words; but a simple word can touch a thousand different chords of feeling.

She was to meet him again to-night, and she shrank affrighted at the wild throb of joy she felt. Might she not be glad to see him, to speak with him, after this long absence? In the old days she had not put

be more eloquent than words? Could meet her now, when he was scarce master of himself?

Yet the months that he had been parted from her were long and weary. His life empty, his home a splendid art gallery nothing more. The mistress of it not the mistress of his heart. No, never quickened at touch or word or look hers.

While he strove with himself and wavered he heard a light step on the marble pavement. He looked up, and, before that bodiment of all which symbolised for life and love and light, fled the last fancy. Radiant in her rare beauty, Margherita della Rocca stood there among the others. He sprang forward impulsively, clinging her hands in his.

"Margherita, Margherita!" he said.

The low voice, quivering with passion sent through her an indescribable thrill and for one instant she almost lost her control. She drew her breath in quick short gasps, appalled at the light flashes the pathway they must tread. And he had no thought of passing the bounds honor had set about him; but that one word of overmastering agony had made reveal the secret he would rather have than betray to her.

"Amico," she said softly—"Amico!"

There was an almost unconscious appeal in the simple word, a recalling of the tie that might exist between them; through all a kind of dim pleading that at least might not be severed. And wrongly had the girl judged the "Amico!" It called him with a shock to the present; it gave him back the tery of himself.

He loosened his strained clasp of the other hands he held, yet still kept them in his own, checking the words that he dared speak; his eyes did not meet hers, and his control could not steady the sweet low voice as he said hurriedly—

"Forgive me; it is so long since I saw you!"

He paused a second; and the girl then, with a smile—and there was no change from her old manner as she spoke—

"Ah, yes; and I am longing to hear you have done, and all the art-news gossip! You see I have been busy alive for the last month at a German Sp

"Poor child!"—he could smile now remember all he had forgotten in that madness. "I heard of you at Ems last week, was in Paris at the time."

"I want to know everything; and, of all, is Effie well? She is with you?"

"She is well, most imperious Margherita, and she came with me. The Countess carried her off to introduce her to the Academy."

"I am so glad! Shall we go back to the studio? She put her hand on his arm as she was turning towards the *salon*. "Your picture—it is going to the Academy?"

"It leaves my studio next week. It will come on studio Sunday and give opinion?"

"My opinion!"—the girl laughed and touched her brows. "What is that worth? It will have everyone there."

"Everyone is no one to me, Margherita, if your approval is lacking," her said quickly; then added immediately, "I don't think that you will like it after all."

"Why not? What is it?"

Margherita. Effie was not quite pleased with this arrangement, though Verner amused her and put her at her ease. She wanted to be with Vane, and was vexed Margherita was with him; and she was not sure whether she, being married, ought to go wandering through the rooms with some one else. Would Vane like it? she wondered. All of which proved clearly that Effie was not acquainted with society.

She said presently she thought Vane might be wanting to leave, and would not know where to find her. So Verner took her back to the lecture-room, where they found the others standing before a painting.

"Talking art, I'll bet you a pair of gloves," said Verner, laughing, as they approached the group. "You must get enough of art, Mrs. Ernscliffe, as an artist's wife."

"I don't understand much about it," replied Effie. "Vane and Signor Maremma were talking about some pictures the other night, and I got so tired."

"Ah, perhaps you are musical? The two tastes are rarely allied in such strength as they are in Ernscliffe, who is music-mad."

"I don't know. I am fond of music," answered Effie dubiously.

Verner thought he might be treading on dangerous ground. Probably she was not a musician. He asked her if she had been to the opera yet.

"No; Vane would have taken me," she answered; "but I am not allowed to be out at night yet. I have been ill, you know."

"So I heard. I was very sorry; you might have had some enjoyment out of the 'fag end' of the season." And Verner smiled.

Just then they came up to the group.

"I have brought you your wife safe back again, Ernscliffe," said the young man.

Vane turned with a smile to Effie, which reassured her as far as her delinquencies were concerned.

"Only I have been inducing her to bet," added Darcy.

"To bet? Oh, you shocking fellow," exclaimed his sister—"teaching Mrs. Ernscliffe your bad ways!"

"What was the bet, and who is going to win?" asked Margherita, smiling at Effie, who answered, with a slightly heightened color at finding herself the speaker among so many—

"Mr. Verner said that you would all be talking art, and betted a pair of gloves on it."

"Then you have lost, *mon cher*; and Gipsy, I congratulate you on winning your first bet," said Ernscliffe, laughing. "We were not talking art, but comparing notes about the autumn."

"Madam," said Verner, bending low, "I bow to my fate with an excellent grace, since it procures for me the honor of presenting you with a pair of gloves." He added in the same breath with great tact, for he divined that Effie had not received many compliments in her life—"my experienced eye can, I think, gauge your size; still to be quite sure—"

"Oh, no! You must not really get them," said Effie coloring. "It was only fun."

"Madam, it is a debt of honor," returned Verner tragically; and Margherita said, laughing—

she shrank affrighted at the wild throb of joy she felt. Might she not be glad to see him, to speak with him, after this long absence? In the old days she had not put any check on her joy in meeting him; but a resolution had been worked in her life and his since the "old days."

To-night was one of the Contessa's reception nights, when celebrities of all sorts were wont to gather together. Ernscliffe had just arrived in London with his wife from Naples; and rumor said that she had grown a self-possessed *dame de societe*. Margherita had received letters from Vane from time to time, but they were chiefly occupied with general news, either professional or otherwise, and said next to nothing of himself or his inner life. There was more in what he did not say than in a bookful of words, as she had told him once.

Her sorrowful musings were cut short by the chiming of the silver-tongued timepiece; and she roused herself with an effort and turned away, clasping her hands for a moment with convulsive movement over her breast.

* * * * *

The brilliant *salons* were full when Ernscliffe and his wife arrived, and they were immediately surrounded; but the Contessa soon bore off Effie to introduce her to a number of people, telling Vane laughingly to go and seek his old friend.

"She went into the conservatory with Count Erckmann, and he has just returned," said the Contessa.

Vane bowed and went off, nothing loath, though there was a strange tremor at his heart, and he was striving to school himself to meet her calmly—his friend only; she was nothing more—could be nothing more.

He had to run the gauntlet, however of greetings and welcomes from friends and acquaintances, and it was only after some moments that he was able to escape and seek the conservatory.

He knew it would be better not to meet her alone, yet he could not bear to brave that first meeting in a crowded room. Why? The question came upon him with a startling abruptness that staggered him. He was striding quickly through the dimly-lighted conservatories, away from the glare of the *salon*. In the quiet and stillness, with those fair white flowers about him, he heard so clearly the question that flashed across him.

He stopped abruptly, the blood leaping to his brow, then receding leaving him white to the lips, and the hands he passed over his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible vision, were trembling. He was face to face with that question, and there was no possibility of shrinking from the inevitable answer—no sophistry could shield him from the knowledge he had striven to put away. Was it only friendship that made him long to see that beautiful Italian girl, to hear her voice, to hold her hand, and that made him tremble at the mere thought of seeing her face to face once more?

He stood there, still with the intensity of passionate agony that for those few moments he was helpless to stem. He knew that his love for Effie had died long before the space of years parting them had been bridged.

"Heaven help me!" he whispered hoarsely. Could he meet Margherita now unmoved? Would his hand-clasp tell her nothing now? Would not his very silence

if your approval is lacking," her said ly; then added immediately, "I don't that you will like it after all."

"Why not? What is it?"

"Darkness," he answered. "You Byron's poem—it had always a singulation for me."

"Ah," she murmured, with a bright gle in her eyes; "I know how you w that; how you would paint that uttation!"

He was silent for a moment, and the ing eyes were troubled.

"Ah," he said, half absently, as speaking a thought aloud rather than dressing her, "darkness and desolation. It was not all a dream to me. Did tell you right, Margherita! The cloud dimmed the moon's brilliance that—t night, that was no fancy of mine; it s me so clearly of the life broken up. A No, it was no dream!"

Startled, with flitting color and compressed lips, the girl laid her hand on his. He shivered and passed his hand over his forehead.

"You look troubled. What did He bent his head, and his lips were ing and white. "Forget it, what was; think of it only as the fancies of member."

He stopped as, across the archway divided the conservatories from the two or three figures flitted backward forward.

"Go back, child, to the room said turning away. "I cannot yet come presently."

He lifted her hand as though he have pressed his lips to it—it was his courtly fashion—but dropped it, with word, and turned from her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Gipsy," said Vane, looking at the painting on which he was at work spoke a little languidly, as though he forcing himself to be interesting in which interested her—"so your *entrée* English society is a success? You have our last night."

He had come into the studio the morning, and was standing by the fire year had made a considerable alteration; intercourse with the world, mixing polished society, and contact with her surroundings, had all lent their aid to her a certain grace and ease of bearing. She had almost lost her timidity of her urious home and her deft servants. She had bestowed on her a pretty face, and judgment and quick observation done the rest.

But day by day the gulf between and her husband had widened. The no tie of sympathy or taste; and, as went on, Effie, perhaps conscious that was so, had grown more exacting in respect to affection and attention, was think herself neglected, and was by petulant and penitent.

Poising one foot on the fender, she answered him now smiling.

"I am so glad you were pleased, But I didn't enjoy it very much; as people were so—well, I don't exactly what—but there was nothing but music talking, and so many awfully grave ple!"

"You met some of the greatest cele last night," said Ernscliffe, as he touch-

more eloquent than words? Could he tell her now, when he was scarce master of self?

At the months that he had been parted from her were long and weary. His life was busy, his home a splendid art gallery, interesting more. The mistress of it was the mistress of his heart. No pulse quickened at touch or word or look of

while he strove with himself and wavered, heard a light step on the marble pavement. He looked up, and, before that element of all which symbolised for him love and light, fled the last hesitation. Radiant in her rare beauty, Margherita Rocca stood there among the flowers. He sprang forward impulsively, clasping her hands in his.

"Margherita, Margherita!" he said, in a low voice, quivering with passion, through her an indescribable thrill; for one instant she almost lost her self-control. She drew her breath in quick gasps, appalled at the light flashed on the pathway they must tread. And he too no thought of passing the bounds that he had set about him; but that one second of overmastering agony had made him tell the secret he would rather have died betraying to her.

"Amico," she said softly—"Amico!" There was an almost unconscious appeal in the simple word, a recalling of the only that might exist between them; and though all a kind of dim pleading that that fast might not be severed. And not only had the girl judged the man. "Amico!" It called him with a shock back to the present; it gave him back the mask of himself.

He loosened his strained clasp of the splendours he held, yet still kept them in his checking the words that he dared not say; his eyes did not meet hers, and all control could not steady the sweet melody of his voice as he said hurriedly—"Forgive me; it is so long since I saw

you paused a second; and the girl said with a smile—and there was no change in her old manner as she spoke—"Ah, yes; and I am longing to hear all you have done, and all the art-news and papers! You see I have been buried for the last month at a German Spa!" "Poor child!"—he could smile now and remember all he had forgotten in that brief absence. "I heard of you at Ems last; I was in Paris at the time."

"I want to know everything; and, first, is Effie well? She is with you?" She is well, most imperious Margherita, she came with me. The Contessa had her off to introduce her to every-

"I am so glad! Shall we go back now?" She put her hand on his arm as she spoke, turning towards the *salon*. "Your picture is going to the Academy?" "It leaves my studio next week. You come on studio Sunday and give your opinion!"—the girl laughed and arched her brows. "What is that worth? You have everyone there."

"Everyone is no one to me, Margherita, your approval is lacking," her said quickly, then added immediately, "I don't know you will like it after all." "Why not? What is it?"

a bit of foreground. "I saw you talking with Lord Walkley, who is counted one of the cleverest men in the House."

"I thought him very dull," replied Effie, with a slight toss of her head. "He entertained me with conversation about art in Rome; as if I knew or cared anything about the old broken statues and brown paintings you and your friends rave about."

Vane winced and frowned slightly, then laughed.

"Did you tell his lordship so, Gipsy?" "Not exactly; but I didn't show much interest, I suppose, because he went away in a little while. I think it is absurd!" said Effie rather pettishly. "Everyone seems to think art a proper subject of conversation for an artist's wife. I can't see why one must necessarily care for one's husband's profession."

"At assemblies of that sort, Gipsy, you meet only artists and literary men, or connoisseurs who care for such things; naturally they talk of what interests them and, presumably, those who come to them."

"Oh, then, don't take me to any more, please!" said Effie. "And then I didn't care for the music, Vane. Is Margherita supposed to play very well?"

"She does play superbly, Gipsy," answered Vane quietly.

"I didn't think her dress half so pretty as mine," said Effie complacently; "but I suppose it was artistic."

"I am glad you were so satisfied with your own raiment, Gipsy."

Vane could have laughed if he had not been so utterly pained. In all that brilliant assemblage gathered in the Contessa's saloons his wife had found no cause for pleasant retrospection, except the reflection that her dress was "prettier" than another's.

"Well, didn't you think so?" in an injured tone.

"My dear child, I am not a judge of ladies' robes; I can only look at them from an artistic point of view. Crimson velvet wouldn't suit your style of beauty," returned Ernscliffe, without betraying how the whole subject worried him.

"That is just like you, Vane; you never will think anything beautiful that isn't 'classic' or 'artistic,' or something!" said Effie turning away. "But I believe you would think Margherita perfect if she wore sackcloth. And I think no one would make such a fuss over her if she didn't put herself forward so!"

"Gipsy"—the tone still soft and gentle, yet with some sternness that arrested her attention—"do you ever remember what Margherita did for you once?"

She was silent for a moment; perhaps abashed by the question, which, was a tacit reproach. Then she said, flushing—

"I don't see what difference that makes. It was only a chance; and I can't like a person just because that person did something for me once."

"It should seal your lips, Gipsy, as to supposed or real faults in such person," he answered, with a momentary compression of the lips. "But enough of the subject; I am weary of it."

Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears, like a child reproved; but the tears were partly caused by vexation, and the latent jealousy that had slumbered during the months of their absence was aroused again.

you used to do. I know you are above me and you—you put me aside for her."

He had almost put her from him in the sharp sudden sting that was caused by her words; and all his self-control would not have hidden from Margherita the shock of more than pain that passed over him. For it was true—fatally true—that his heart was not with his wife; but it was equally true, he knew, that never by act, word, or look, had she felt the change; that indeed, often and often, he had been patient and indulgent with her because of that self-knowledge he had. It was unjust to accuse him of putting her aside for another, for his own conscience was clear there.

If he had followed the first impulse of the moment he would have told her sternly that she was a foolish child and left her for a time; but, almost co-existent with that impulse, came softer thoughts—pity and sorrow and self-reproach, and he said, gently enough, but with a quietness that stilled her—

"When have I put you aside, Gipsy, for Margherita or any one? I saw her for the first time for months last night. I can scarcely think you so unjust as to be making a grievance of my inability to drive with you to-day. I cannot break an appointment—even for you."

"Why did you make it?" she cried passionately. "Why must she come here and take you from me, and talk of things I can't understand? And then you treat me like a child, and—"

"Gipsy!"

She hardly knew the voice that had always spoken to her so softly and gently. It was stern now with suppressed emotion she could not comprehend. He loosened his clasp, and, holding her off, pressed one hand on her shoulder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLAKES OF FUN.

"Know thyself."—*Socrates*. "But never introduce a friend."

The prize-fighter peels before he strikes, but the bell does not peal until it is struck.

Gentlemen returning from the summer resorts are wearing their pocket-books flat.

Never try sea-bathing directly after a full meal. One surf feat at a time is enough.

Rebecca—Yes, a blind man may be perfectly safe, although you do believe in the saying, "Out of sight out of mind."

Emerson says "a man passes for what he is worth." No, he doesn't; he passes for the sake of getting a new trump.

A chicken is dressed when its covering is taken off. It's the same with a burlesque actress, though lots of them are no chickens.

"What scent do you prefer—jockey-club or heliotrope?" asked the shopman. "Neither," replied Brown; "I prefer 10 per cent."

What is the difference between laudanum and Abraham of old? One is the juice of the poppy, and the other the poppy of the Jews.

every one is no one to me, Margherita, if approval is lacking," her said quick-ly added immediately, "I don't know you will like it after all." Why not? What is it?" "Darkness," he answered. "You know it's poem—it had always a singular fashion for me." "Oh," she murmured, with a bright sparkle in her eyes; "I know how you would do how you would paint that utter desolation!"

He was silent for a moment, and the droop-eyes were troubled.

"Oh," he said, half absently and as if thinking a thought aloud rather than addressing her, "darkness and desolation! It is not all a dream to me. Did I not see you right, Margherita! The cloud that edged the moon's brilliance—that last night, that was no fancy of mine; it spoke to me clearly of the life broken up. A dream? It was no dream!"

He started, with flitting color and pained pressed lips, the girl laid her hand on his. He shivered and passed his hand over his forehead.

"You look troubled. What did I say?" He bent his head, and his lips were quivering and white. "Forget it, whatever it is, I think of it only as the fancies you remember."

He stopped as, across the archway that edged the conservatories from the *salon*, or three figures flitted backward and forward.

"Go back, child, to the rooms," he was turning away. "I cannot yet; I will presently."

He lifted her hand as though he would press his lips to it—it was his usual fashion—but dropped it, without a word, and turned from her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Gipsy," said Vane, looking up from painting on which he was at work—he was a little languidly, as though he were giving himself to be interesting in that interested her—"so your *entree* into high society is a success? You had quite a good last night."

He had come into the studio the next day, and was standing by the fire. A picture had made a considerable alteration in his intercourse with the world, mixing with the high society, and contact with refining surroundings, had all lent their aid to give him a certain grace and ease of bearing. He had almost lost her timidity of her luxury and her deft servants. Nature bestowed on her a pretty face, and tact and judgment and quick observation had been the rest.

Day by day the gulf between herself and her husband had widened. There was no sympathy or taste; and, as time went on, Effie, perhaps conscious that this was so, had grown more exacting with respect to affection and attention, was apt to neglect herself, and was by turns impatient and penitent.

Seeing one foot on the fender, she smiled at him now smiling.

"I am so glad you were pleased, Vane! I didn't enjoy it very much; all the while I was here—well, I don't exactly know—but there was nothing but music and song, and so many awfully grave people."

"You met some of the greatest celebrities, didn't you?" said Ernscliffe, as he touched up

her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears, like a child reproved; but the tears were partly caused by vexation, and the latent jealousy that had slumbered during the months of their absence was aroused again. She had watched last night how he and a group of men had gathered round Margherita and talked with her as equal to equal, a talk that was all jargon to the artist's wife, "a tinkling cymbal" without meaning. And at home he told her he "was weary of the subject."

"You never care about anything I say or do," she said, twisting her hands together restlessly. "You could talk half the night with Margherita and leave me to any one else. It is always 'Margherita.' You said you could not drive me to-day because she was coming about her portrait!"

Wounded to the very heart—less by her words than by the small spirit that seemed so beneath a generous nature, and which he could scarcely indeed comprehend—Ernscliffe could still be gentle and patient, though he bit his lip till the blood came, and there was a sparkle in the brilliant eyes which passed too quickly for her to note. Such words as these could not anger, but they had power to wound him, to set every nerve quivering. They were unjust and untrue, and could never have been said by any one who thoroughly understood him. But whatever he felt was hidden from her, while he read her like an open book; and he knew that, if not now, later, Effie must understand that even his patience with her had its limits.

He rose, laying down palette and brushes, and came over to where she stood, and, putting his hand on her shoulders, brought her round to face him.

"What is it, Gipsy?" he said, bending a little and speaking very gently, almost tenderly, yet with a manner that said plainly he meant to have a clear answer. "What have I done? What is the sting of all this?"

She glanced up fleetingly into his face, half frightened, yet still inclined to feel injured. She did not want to be brought straight to a practical answer; she liked to be soothed back to smiles.

"Well, Gipsy"—there seemed to be no intention of soothing her—"am I to think you a silly child, who cries for nothing in particular, or an injured wife with a real grievance? What is it to be?"

Effie burst into tears; having no real answer to give, she took refuge in a woman's citadel. She thought it very unkind to speak so to her, and sobbed as though he had really treated her with neglect.

Ernscliffe, not above the weakness of his sex in the matter of women's tears—though all the time he knew they did not flow from a very deep well—was moved to that pitying indulgence which the strong entertain for the weak. He drew her to him with a gentleness that ought to have touched her deeply.

"You are very unreasonable, my poor little girl," he said, with the soothing patience of one who uses to a spoiled child. "What is it, Gipsy? What shall I do to bring back a smile to your lips? Tell me what troubles you, and, if I can, I will remove the cause; but, if you will only cry and sob, I must think that you are only tired and unwell with excitement."

"No, no—only I—" She struggled for a moment, and then hid her face on his breast with a sob. "You don't love me as

per con-

What is the difference between laudanum and Abraham of old? One is the juice of the poppy, and the other the poppy of the Jews.

"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

A Texas jurymen snored so loud in the jury-box that he woke the judge from a sound nap, and was promptly fined for contempt of court.

One of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railroad station-agent was: "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger-lanterns."

The astronomers have detected a red spot on Jupiter's face. If he were in politics, and belonged to the opposition, they would locate it on his nose.

The wages of a laborer in Russia is eight cents for a day's work of fifteen hours, and he "finds" himself. It is not stated where he finds himself at the end of the month, though.

Hot weather—roast mutton. Thorough bread—Vienna rolls. A card of matches—a wedding invitation. The crown prints—the mark of a tight hat. Rochelle is suggested as the proper place for the next boat race.

"So I see some one has returned the 20 francs you lost." "Yes, queer thing about that. I offered 10 francs reward, but my money didn't turn up. Then I offered 30 francs, and at least a dozen fellows brought it to me."

Gen. Lee is said to have asked a straggler whom he found eating green persimmons if he did not know they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, general," replied the man; "I'm eating them to dry up my stomach to fit my rations."

A western coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There are two bullet holes in his skull." "Just so," replied the coroner; "he died from exposure to bullets."

At the electricity exhibition in Paris a gentleman asked for the telephone connected with the opera, but merely held the "receiver" in his hand, and continued talking with his friends. "But, sir, you don't listen!" said the attendant. "Oh, I don't care about the music, I am waiting for the ballet."

Turks at a French Banquet—Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a tooth-pick from a tray lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle to his neighbor, who declined his offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of those things, and I want no more."

"Oh, he's a beauty," exclaimed the dog-fancier, "and so gentle that a child could pick him up by the tail without danger." The would-be purchaser stooped to stroke the gentle animal, and was greeted by a significant growl and a display of superb white teeth. "You'll buy him then?" said the owner, pretending not to observe the curious manifestation of gentleness. "I think not," was the reply, "you see there's nobody in the family but my wife and me, and neither of us is a child."

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Do you want Locks, Butts, or House
Furnishings of any kind? Go to
R. G. WRIGHT'S.

Do you want Machine Oil or Axle Grease?
Go to R. G. WRIGHT'S.

Do you want Paint, Paint Oil, Varnish,
Turpentine, Glass or Putty? Go to
R. G. WRIGHT'S.

Do you want Cut, Pressed or Cl'nch
Nails, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Bar,
Iron, Spring, Tin, Sleigh Shoe or Cast Steel,
Axles, Springs, Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, or
any other goods kept in a first-class hard-
ware store? Go to R. G. WRIGHT'S.

126 and 128 Dundas-st.,
Napanee, Sept. 28, 1881.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1881.

TO OUR READERS.

We have this week printed a very large
edition of THE EXPRESS and have mailed
copies to a number of persons who are
non-subscribers. By this means we hope

Sir Alexander Galt, with a salary of
\$10,000 a year, as a resident officer of
Canada in England, has been for some
months out of England "doing" Manitoba
and the North-West.

Sir Charles Tupper, at \$7,000 a year, is
having a holiday vacation of some months
on the Pacific coast, and previous to his
departure there was doing much more
service as a Tory stump orator over the
country than in connection with his de-
partment. More than one-half of the
time since the last session he has been
away from Ottawa.

Sir Leonard Tilley, also at \$7,000 a
year, is now on his fourth trip, we believe,
to his own Province since last May, and
during that time neglected public
business in order to meet party demands
by following Edward Blake in company
with Sir Charles. Of course no public
business could be attended to, but public
pay went on all the same.

Hon. Mr. Pope has been for months at
his Prince Edward Island home incapable
of any public business because of sick-
ness, but yet the public pay is the same
as over.

Sir Hector Langevin has been making
extensive trips about the country, osten-
sibly in inspecting public works and pro-
specting for more, but these trips have
had more the air of triumphal marches,
of a political character, than of actual
business engagements. At almost every
point there have been presentation ad-
dresses, official receptions, public ban-
quets and party harrangues, all of which
have little the air of an actual business
man engaged in actual business pursuits.

And so on we might go through the
whole list of the thirteen heads of de-
partments. Some weeks ago, we are in-
formed, men visiting Ottawa on public
business have found it difficult to get a
glimpse of a single Cabinet Minister or
any responsible head of any import- t de-
partment. Flunkies swarm around the
offices, running things according to their
own sweet will and having a good time
generally, while public and private inter-
ests have suffered from neglect and delay,
simply because no one of the Cabinet was
found left to pay any attention to them.

With all this every Tory paper in the
country pipes a song of praise to the pres-
ent Administration for its "efficiency"
and "faithful discharge of duties!" We
would like to know how bad a state of
neglect and inattention there might be

FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRE- SIDENT.

The remains of President Garfield w
on Monday last placed in the vault
Woodland cemetery, Cleveland, after
affecting funeral service had been held
the pavilion in Monumental park,
which Mrs. Garfield and her children
the late President's mother were pres-
The city was crowded with delegates fr
all parts of the Union, and the serv-
were of the most imposing and impres-
character. The doctors are now disc-
ing the President's case and some in-
esting revolutions may follow. Dr. H-
ilton, one of the surgeons in charge, d-
not believe that any intelligent surg-
will hereafter think that at any period
the progress of the case the ball or
fragments of bone which it sent before
could have been successfully remov-
nor, indeed, that any serious attempt
that direction would not have resulted
speedy death. Viewing the case in
light of present knowledge, he is prepa-
to affirm that surgery has no resources
which the fatal result could have b-
averted.

IN MEMORY OF GARFIELD.

Tributes Paid by Napanee Clergym

The M. E. Church was heavily draped
mourning out of respect to the memor-
the late President Garfield, on Sunday l
and in the evening Rev. S. D. Card preac-
an eloquent and impressive sermon on
subject, "What are the elements of cha-
ter that have so endeared the late Presi-
Garfield to the world?" The attendance
very large. The rev. gentleman gav-
graphic sketch of the life of the late P-
dent, commencing with his young days w-
he worked on a canal boat, and point-
the energy the ambitious youth display-
securing for himself a good education.
chivalrous record during the war
briefly referred to and his career as a states-
was elaborately detailed. It was the rev-
tleman's privilege to have been at the Chic-
Convention when Garfield was nominated
the Presidency and he bore testimony
the loyal manner in which Garfield st-
true to his friend Sherman until the nom-
tion was forced upon himself. When his n-
ination was made unanimous the flag of ev-
State was waved over his head amid g-
rejoicing; now every flag was draped
mourning for the loss of so gifted a lea-
One element, he said, that endeared
President to the world was the energy
ability he possessed which enabled him
rise, unaided by wealthy or influential fri-
arom a lowly state to the highest positio-
the nation; another was his high se-
of honour and thorough statesman-
as displayed in his efforts to pu-
the public service of wrong-doing—
above all his Christian character.
his youth he united with the Chris-
church and in after life became a lay preac-
Up to the time of his death he was regula-
his attendance at the little obscure church
which he was a member in Washington
when death appeared to him he was ab-
sely that he was ready. The rev. gentler
rejoiced that Secretary Blaine was a-
to telegraph to the world that the Presi-

edition of THE EXPRESS and have made copies to a number of persons who are non-subscribers. By this means we hope to receive a very large addition to our list. The want of a live Liberal paper in Lennox has been felt, and if we receive encouragement the want will be filled. As an inducement to new subscribers we have decided to make the liberal offer of sending THE EXPRESS from this date to the first of January, 1883, for one dollar. With barley ranging in the "pineties" and a heavy crop, no one can say this year that they cannot afford to take a local paper—especially at a price so low as quoted above. We expect to see a general rush of subscribers all along the line.

THE LENNOX EXHIBITION.

Our readers will please remember the County of Lennox Agricultural Exhibition on Tuesday and Wednesday next. We sincerely hope to see a large display at the exhibition and a large attendance of the people. We believe that the officers and members of the Lennox Agricultural Society have made extra efforts for a large and successful show this year, and the time and money expended in witnessing the exhibition will be well spent. For years the exhibitions at Napanee have been very successful and satisfactory,—much more so, we believe, than any similar ones in this section of the Province. We have reason to think that this year will not be at all behind any of its predecessors in point of attractiveness.

OUR ABSENTEE SYSTEM.

During the past half year the most casual reader of the current events must be well aware of the fact that nearly every member of the present Tory Dominion Government, while drawing a very round salary from the people's treasury, has been away from his post of duty, and the affairs of the country, if administered at all, are being administered by the mere clerks of the various departments.

The Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, has been on a health trip across the Atlantic for nearly half a year, drawing all the time his salary of some \$650 per month, and not once seeing the inside of his office. We do not believe, during the last year, that he has spent two whole months at the duties of his office.

The Governor-General with his \$50,000 a year is seldom a week at a time at Ottawa, and is now on a trip of some months in the great North-West.

would like to know how bad a state of neglect and inattention there might be and not find an answer and a justifier in the Tory press and party of Canada, as it is now constituted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—There are reports of a plot to assassinate President Arthur but they lack confirmation.

—Another attempt has been made on the life of Giteau. He is to be before the grand jury next week.

—The Tory organs are crying out for a free breakfast table. A free fuel box would be more in order.

—What with losing the Provincial and the poor success attending the Central Fair, Kingston's prospects for an exhibition next year are very dubious.

—A doubt having arisen as to President Arthur's nativity, the New York Sun sent a man to hunt up the record of his birth. It proves conclusively that he was born in the State of Vermont.

—The rain fall during the past week has done great good to the country. Pasture lands and the root crops have been greatly benefitted. The forest fires appear to have been extinguished.

—The immense destruction of forests by fires has already had an elevating effect on the wood market in Toronto and elsewhere. If the coming winter should prove a severe one the coal tax will be found more oppressive than ever.

—Hon Mr. Mackenzie was up before the Pacific Railway inquisition on Tuesday. The attempt to make political capital out of his evidence was unsuccessful as nothing was elicited but what was creditable to the ex-Premier and his Government.

—One of the beauties of the N. P. is exemplified in the following: On the 20,000 tons of bituminous coal Mr. Herring has imported for the glass works he has been compelled to pay a tax of \$1,200, besides a heavy duty on some of the machinery required which could not be procured in Canada. To counter balance this the tariff offers no advantages.

—The Provincial Exhibition at London has so far proved a grand success both as to the quantity and quality of the exhibits, and financially. Next year's exhibition is to be for one week only. Toronto does not feel inclined to relinquish their Industrial Exhibition next year and there is a prospect that Kingston may yet get the Provincial.

when death appeared to him he said that he was ready. The reverend rejoiced that Secretary Blair telegraphed to the world that he died a strong believer in the Church after and was ready to meet his death of such a man did more advancement of Christianity than Ingersoll or an Underwood stroy in ages. He referred despatch of condolence from Mrs. Garfield, which brought Christian consolation, and thanked us for a sovereign so noble lady. The sermon was listened out with deep attention. The man thanked Messrs. Sweeney for kindness in voluntarily providing for the church. The galleries were tastefully draped and gave an impressive appearance.

Rev. Mr. Hansford in the Can dist Church paid an eloquent tribute to the late President, making his death of the sermon.

Rev. Mr. Young in the 1 Church also made a few brief but remarks.

Venerable Archdeacon Jones referred to the sad bereavement up a special prayer for the widow and less children.

A proclamation was issued by calling upon the merchants to forego from the hours of two to Monday afternoon, the time took place, which was readily complied with. All the bells were tolled and the effect a Sunday-like appearance.

Kingston Assizes.

The Kingston assizes opened. True bills were found against V the Loughboro murderer, and against Adams, an old ex-Methodist preacher, on the charge of setting off that it would be easily partaken cows of a neighbor, John Armstrong township. Vankoughnet is feigning. He made frequent demands tobacco. His counsel says he is a March hare. The first civil case an action brought by the Merchants recover from the Travellers' Insurance company \$5,000, the amount of insurance the life of the late John Chamberlain of the well-known "Shoshedy." The defendants claim that of J. C. Chamberlain was accelerated temperate habits, and that the I entitled to any more money than due him prior to his becoming so. The amount appraised by an act into Court and the Bank refused. The case continued throughout the Dr. Yeung, aged 84, Chamberlain attendant, testified that death was accelerated by alcohol, but defendant produced a certificate signed by setting forth that death was caused by intemperate habits. The claims that such facts were not true when he signed the certificates been ill at the time and could not certify himself. The case is yet. Several cases were settled. Miss Potter, drowned on Co.'s wharf on July 12, 1880, had an action for damages for \$16,000. will be tried this session. The case of Hoban v. Parder for malpractice will be tried again. Damages, \$10,000.

GENERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.

The remains of President Garfield were Monday last placed in the vault at Grand cemetery, Cleveland, after an interesting funeral service had been held in pavilion in Monumental park, at which Mrs. Garfield and her children and late President's mother were present. The city was crowded with delegates from all parts of the Union, and the services were of the most imposing and impressive character. The doctors are now discussing the President's case and some interesting revolutions may follow. Dr. Hamlin, one of the surgeons in charge, does not believe that any intelligent surgeon hereafter think that at any period in the progress of the case the ball or the contents of bone which it sent before it could have been successfully removed; indeed, that any serious attempt in that direction would not have resulted in the President's death. Viewing the case in the light of present knowledge, he is prepared to affirm that surgery has no resources by which the fatal result could have been averted.

IN MEMORY OF GARFIELD.

Notes Paid by Napanee Clergymen.

The M. E. Church was heavily draped in mourning out of respect to the memory of the late President Garfield, on Sunday last, in the evening Rev. S. D. Card preached a eloquent and impressive sermon on the text, "What are the elements of character that have so endeared the late President to the world?" The attendance was very large. The rev. gentleman gave a graphic sketch of the life of the late President, commencing with his young days when he worked on a canal boat, and pointed out the energy the ambitious youth displayed in striving for himself a good education. His glorious record during the war was referred to and his career as a statesman laborately detailed. It was the rev. gentleman's privilege to have been at the Chicago convention when Garfield was nominated for Presidency and he bore testimony to the loyal manner in which Garfield stood to his friend Sherman until the nomination was forced upon himself. When his nomination was made unanimous the flag of every house was waved over his head amid great cheering; now every flag was draped in mourning for the loss of so gifted a leader. The element, he said, that endeared the President to the world was the energy and vigor he possessed which enabled him to be surrounded by wealthy or influential friends, a lowly state to the highest position in the nation; another was his high sense of honour and thorough statesmanship displayed in his efforts to purge the public service of wrong-doing—but in all his Christian character. In youth he united with the Christian Church and in after life became a lay preacher. At the time of his death he was regular in attendance at the little obscure church of which he was a member in Washington and death appeared to him he was able to meet his end ready. The rev. gentleman ended that Secretary Blaine was able to telegraph to the world that the President

Police Court.

On Friday last Mr. Geo. Whittington laid a complaint before Mr. Justice James against a young lad in his employ named W. G. Nelson for using threatening language. The evidence showed that the lad had been unmercifully thrashed by Whittington and that he incited him to use the language complained of. The lad was required to find sureties to keep the peace and in default was committed to gaol but has since been discharged, sureties having been furnished. A counter charge was brought on Saturday against Whittington and Thomas Nelson for committing an assault on W. G. Nelson by thrashing him with a horsewhip, leaving great marks on the lad's back and arms. The case was finally disposed of on Tuesday by the magistrate imposing a fine of \$5 and costs on the former and \$2 on the latter, which were paid. Frank Nelson at the close of the hearing made use of some profane language in the presence of the court for which he was fined \$1. Two local hotel-keepers were on Monday fined \$20 and costs for contravention of the License Act.

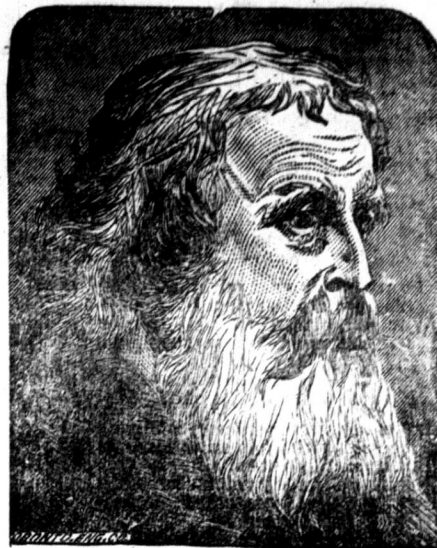
Town Council.

The adjourned meeting to be held on Tuesday evening last was changed to Monday evening, owing to the contemplated absence of some of the members from town. All the members were present except Coun. Collins. Coun. Preston objected to the financial report being taken up owing to Coun. Collins having expressed a desire to be present at the meeting when it was considered and he moved that the report be deferred till the regular meeting on Monday night next, which being seconded by Coun. Carscallen, was declared carried. A somewhat irregular discussion on the "budget" then followed, in the course of which Coun. Aylsworth pointed out that the street watering and snow shovelling items had not been included in the estimates. He also considered the market fees should be included and the rate reduced accordingly. Coun. Preston objected to the item of debentures to be renewed being placed under the heading of income, as it was not known that the debentures would be renewed. Reeve Herring explained that the item for street watering was not included because it was covered by a special tax on Dundas-st. The Mayor was of opinion that the council could safely include the market fees in the estimate as they would not be interfered with by the Government if let before April next. Some other matters were referred to in a conversational way, after which the council adjourned.

That Credence Bracket.

(From the Evangelical Churchman.)

In our local items of last week was one which, no doubt, provoked a smile. It seems that a novel piece of church furniture styled a "credence bracket" was placed in a church by a newly appointed clergyman of a very pronounced type. The former minister had never thought that such an unnecessary article was needed; but the new man with his new ideas thought otherwise—with what result the editor of a paper informs us. He says:—"Some members of the church fearing that the introduction of the bracket was but the thin edge of the wedge of High Church ideas, caused it to be surreptitiously removed from the church one night last week." The editor states that the new rector and some of his sym-



ZOPESA.

(FROM BRAZIL.)

The New Compound, its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Apparatus and the Liver, increasing the dissolving juices, relieving almost instantly the dreadful results of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and the TORPID LIVER, makes Zopesa an every day necessity in every house.

It acts gently and speedily in Biliousness, Costiveness, Headache, Sick Headache, Distress after Eating, Wind on the Stomach, Heartburn, Pains in the Side and Back, Want of Appetite, Want of Energy, Low Spirits, Foul Stomach. It invigorates the Liver, carries off all surplus bile, regulates the Bowels, and gives tone to the whole system.

Get this out and take it to your Druggist and get a 10 cent Sample, or a large bottle for 75 cents, and tell your neighbor about it.

Sold by PERRY & CHAMBERS, Napanee.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

THREE GOOD COAT HANDS.

We will pay ten per cent. more than any other shop, and give constant employment.

46-4.

J. P. SLAVEN & CO.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-CLASS AND CHEAP FARM, 200 Acres.

Near Violet, Ernestown. If you want a respectable neighbourhood and a good farm on liberal terms, apply at once for particulars to

THOS. FLYNN,

Estate and Money Agency, next Huffman House Napanee.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The largest and most complete factory in the Dominion. Highest honors ever awarded to any maker in the world.

The Dominion Pianos and Organs

Are the best in the market and will be sold at

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Kingston Assizes.

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be surreptitiously removed from the church one night last week." The editor states that the new rector and some of his sym- pathizers "are very indignant at the act, as they say that there was nothing of a High Church nature about the article in question. Another bracket has been ordered and will be put in at once." Thus for this wonderful bit of furniture, suspicion on the part of the laity and "indignation" on the part of the innovating minister is the result.

A "credence bracket" may be an all-im- portant article in the eye of the advanced rector, but it is a dearly bought luxury if it excites, and very naturally too, suspicions of ritualistic novelties on the part of those who under the former rector were never made aware of the immense importance of a "credence bracket."

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

EXPRESS OFFICE.
{ NAPANEE, Sept. 20, 1881.

Barley has reached the dollar and the farmers' face wears a blissful smile. The Napanee market was never more lively than it has been during the past week—and prices have ranged from 15c to 20c per bushel more than was being paid at In- gston and Picton. Mr. Richard Baker, of Deseronto, appeared on the market on Monday last, representing the Messrs. Rathburn. There are now four buyers on the market and the disposition is to keep grain up to the very highest figure. Deliveries have been unusually large for the early season—there having been upwards of 40,000 bushels handled during the week. Messrs. Downey Bros. are taking in a very broad territory in their opera- tions this year and rank among the lar- gest dealers in the Province. They are buy- ing at almost every important town be- tween Toronto and Kingston, viz: Whitby, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Brighton, Belleville, Picton, Kingston and Napanee.

Napanee Market Prices.

Fall Wheat.....	\$1 30	to	\$1 75
Spring Wheat.....	1 30	to	1 75
Flour, spring, per 100 lbs.....	3 20	to	3 25
Fall wheat.....	3 20	to	3 25
Clover seed.....	3 75	to	
Timothy seed.....		to	
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.....	2 75	to	3 00
Corameal.....	1 75	to	2 00
Brn. per ton.....		to	20 00
Shorts.....		to	20 00
Barley, per bushel.....	90	to	1 00
Peas.....	70	to	75
Oats.....	35	to	40
Rye.....	90	to	95
Potatoes.....	90	to	
Butter, per lb.....	20	to	22
Cheese.....	14	to	
Lard, per lb.....	15	to	16
Tallow, per lb.....	5	to	6
Eggs, per doz.....	13	to	14
Bacon, 100 lbs.....		to	
Mess pork, per bbl.....	7 00	to	8 00
Hay, per ton.....	4 00	to	5 00
Beef Hides.....		to	
Calfskins, per lb.....	9	to	
Lambskins.....	30	to	50
Pelts.....	40	to	45
Live Hogs.....		to	
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs.....	3 50	to	4 00
Cordwood, hard, per cord.....	2 50	to	3 00
soft.....		to	
Wool.....	18	to	20 46

The Dominion Pianos and Organs

Are the best in the market and will be sold at the lowest possible advance on cost. As I buy my Organs and Pianos for cash I am able to give purchasers the better bargains.

E. R. SHOREY,

General Agent for Napanee and vicinity.

Instruments kept constantly on hand at his residence, Isabella-st., near G. T. R. Station.

REMOVAL.

To our customers, friends and the general public we beg to say that we have

REMOVED TO OUR NEW PLACE OF BUSINESS,

Next Door to the Tichbourne House,

Opposite Culhane's Hotel, No. 163,

Where we hope to see all our old customers and as many new ones as wish to favour us with their patronage.

PAINTS OILS AND MACHINERY OIL. A SPECIALTY.

Thanking you kindly for the liberal patronage in the past and soliciting the esteemed favour of your future orders which will meet with the same prompt and careful attention as in the past. We remain yours respectfully.

PERRY & CHAMBERS.

The Nutritious Condiment.



FOR

HORSES AND CATTLE

Is the best condiment in the market. It is used extensively by the owners of the best race horses and stock raisers in the world, as well as in the Royal stables of England. Its power as a promoter of easy and vigorous digestion is very great and it accomplishes these ends without the drawbacks that attend the ordinary condi- tion Powders or stimulants. It puts the animal in first-class condition and is therefore a preven- tive of disease.

The Cheapest Condiment Sold.

For sale only by

R. A. SHOREY,

DEALER IN

Groceries & Provisions

A fine stock of

TEAS JUST RECEIVED.

Fresh and of best quality. Give them a trial. They will suit you to a T.

R. A. SHOREY.
Dundas-st.

The Grandest

During the coming week

J. F. McCAL

IMMENSE DISPLA

**Cloths, Tweeds, Furnishings, &
CLOTH**

One Hundred and Fifty pieces of New Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, pronounced

Full Lines of Overcoatings, Ulsterings,

In the latest designs and

During the past year we have turned out over one thousand orders and out of th
This we think fully establishes our claim of having the best cutter in town, and speak

IN GENTS' FUR

Our stock is complete and well assorted, consisting of all the latest novelties in Ti
Hankerchiefs, Umbrellas, &c.

profitable

HATS AND

Autographic Telegraph

We show the Harper's Magazine stock in town of Mens', Youths' and Bo

We make a speciality of the Celebrated English Christy Hats, which for wear and

Opened this

Two Hundred and Fifty Over

Which must be sold before the end of the season. Remember us

J. F.

THE DISTRICT.

What is Going on Around Us.

—The tailors of Kingston are on a strike.
—The water in the Bay of Quinte was never so low as it is at present.

—It is stated that the Picton camp has cost the country upwards of \$30,000.

—The course of the regatta on the Bay of Quinte at Belleville has been changed. The regatta takes place to-day.

—Three teachers of the Kingston public schools were absent on Monday on account of deaths in their families.

—The Mail says that Hon. Geo. Sherwood of Belleville, county judge, has probably resigned, as he is about to remove from that city.

—All the nurses and patients at the General Hospital, Kingston, have been vaccinated as a guard against small-pox. The patients who have the disease are recovering.

—Mr. Archibald Colway and Miss Hattie E. Ireland of Trenton died of typhoid fever week before last. They were both greatly respected.

—Five hundred and five bushels of fall wheat have been raised off twelve acres of land this season in the township of Hungerford by Mr. Ivy Roblin.

—An extension of the Prince Edward County Railway from Wellington to West Point is in contemplation. The cost of the branch will be about \$30,000.

—A brakeman named Martin Houston on the Midland Railway was killed by falling between the cars on the Grand Junction Railway on Monday of last week.

—Friday morning last the barns and stables owned by Mrs. W. H. Niles, at Colborne harbour, were struck by lightning and totally consumed by fire. Loss, \$3,000.

—Thursday afternoon of last week a boy named Sharp, of Belleville, was accidentally shot by a companion of his named Durand. The contents of the gun entered Sharp's leg. He is progressing favorably.

—The barn of Chas. Ketcheson, 15th con. of Sydney, was struck by lightning on Thursday, 21st inst., and was burned with its contents including 700 bushels of barley. The roof was lifted fifteen feet into the air.

—Three men were prostrated by lightning at Mr. Ketcheson's, Belleville, on the 22nd inst. Friday morning three persons were prostrated from the same cause while milking at Klaingbert's farm in Sidney township.

—An exciting game of cricket was played at Kingston on the 22nd inst. between Montreal and Kingston clubs, the former scoring 76 runs and the latter 70 runs with eight men out. Time was called and it was declared a draw.

—It is proposed to hold a public meeting at Kingston shortly to discuss the Provincial Fair question, and protest against the decision of the Agricultural and Arts Association in giving the exhibition to Toronto without the latter asking for it.

David Gibson's threshing machine and E. H. Ketcheson's barn with its contents in Consecon were destroyed by fire on the afternoon of Thursday of last week. Mr. Gibson's loss is about \$500 and Mr. Ketcheson's loss about \$2,000, the latter insured in the Lancashire for \$1,000.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—56,700 immigrants arrived in the United States in August.

—Wm. Oakley, a boiler maker of Toronto, was choked to death on Sunday by eating a piece of roast beef which got caught in his throat. He expired ten minutes after. The piece was an inch square.

—An exciting foot race took place at Dundas, on the 24th, between Wilson and Martin of Hamilton, for \$500 a side. Distance, one quarter of a mile. Martin winning by about twenty yards in 54 seconds.

—Demerise Roy, wife of Francois Moreau, in the parish of St. Anaclet, district of Rimouski, Que., was murdered by her husband on the 16th inst.

—The body of David Edwards, a deck hand on the steamer "Chicora" who disappeared from that vessel yesterday week was found floating in the Toronto bay last Monday.

—Early Monday morning the residence of Mr. Wm. Hooper, of Newcastle, Ont., contractor, was burglarized and personal effects amounting to the value of \$150 was carried off.

—A deserted woman's thirst for vengeance has led to the identification of a number of the members of the gang who recently robbed a train on the Chicago and Alton road.

—A most disastrous fire occurred in Collingwood on Sunday afternoon, and the best business part of the town was destroyed. The total damage is said to be more than \$150,000. A careless smoker was the cause of the fire.

DEATHS.

SWEET.—At Fisher's Landing, Minn., on Sept. 14th, George H., youngest son of Mr. E. A. Sweet, formerly of Selby, aged 1 year, 5 months and 17 days.

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A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE."

CHAPTER I.

"I may as well tell you candidly," said Lord Rylestone, "that I consider it a most unjust—nay, a most cruel will."

"It is perfectly natural that you should think so," admitted the lawyer, Mr. Beale. "I believe that affairs of this kind are best left alone."

"Who ought to dictate to me in a matter so sacred? A man's wife is the soul of his soul—the best part of his life. Surely, if one is free to choose a country to live in, a house to inhabit, one is still more free to choose a wife—the woman with whom the greater part of a life-time is to be spent."

"The will is unjust," said the lawyer. "I told my late respected client so, but he would not listen to me. 'It will all come right in time,' he persisted. Of course it is not a matter in which I can interfere; but, as you have confided to me the desperate state of your affairs, the only thing I can see is for you to agree to the terms of the will."

"That I never will," exclaimed the young man, proudly—"never while the world stands, let the alternative be what it may!"

"It will be a very unpleasant one for you, I fear," said Mr. Beale, slowly; and Lord Rylestone's face grew pale and anxious.

It was a trying scene that was being enacted just then at Walton Court, the home of the Rylestones. A gifted artist would have made a noble picture of it. Outside, on the woods, the gardens, the winding walks, the terraces, lay the golden beams of the June sunshine; but the interior of the fine old library was darkened, the blinds being all lowered. The sunshine tried hard to get through them; it succeeded so far as to create a warm glow that brightened the antique oaken furniture, the fine old pictures in massive frames, the hundred of volumes that rose shelf after shelf from the floor to the roof. It was a peculiar half-mellow, half-crimson light, and most of it seemed to centre on the principal figure in the room, a beautiful young girl, dressed in deep mourning—a girl with the face and head, the shapely neck and figure of a Clytie. She shone in the middle of that soft crimson glow like a fair gem in an antique sitting; the sun shone on her golden hair and on her fair, proud, pale face. She stood quite apart, her face bent on her hands. The group of gentlemen had withdrawn to some little distance, leaving Adelaide Cameron to think over what she had just heard.

At the other end of the room, leaning against a pedestal on which stood a rare bronze, was Allan, Lord Rylestone, a fair-haired, handsome man, of noble face and figure; and near him was Mr. Beale, the family lawyer, shrewd, keen, quick, and small in stature, thus presenting a great contrast to his companion. A group of gentlemen had gathered round the table, on which some papers had been placed for their inspection. The scene had not been without its element of tragedy, for the reading of the will of the late Bernard, Lord Rylestone,

thousand matter to Lord Rylestone's heir? Besides, on any day that he went down to Walton he knew that Lord Rylestone would cheerfully pay what he owed. So the three thousand pounds that he was in debt did not greatly bother him.

Lord Rylestone wished him to go about in the world—to remain in London during the season—to make himself a position in society; and all this Allan was perfectly willing to do. But, while he was so engaged, and enjoying himself to the very utmost, he received the startling intelligence of Lord Rylestone's sudden death.

He went at once to Walton, and there a second surprise awaited him. On his last visit to the court, two years prior, Lord Rylestone had said something to him of his niece Adelaide Cameron, an orphan girl whom he had adopted, educated, and was now expecting home. Allan had not thought much about her, although Lord Rylestone had mentioned her with the greatest affection. He had forgotten even her existence; and when he reached Walton it was a surprise to him to find a tall, beautiful, aristocratic-looking girl at home there.

Miss Cameron seemed to feel her uncle's death greatly, and Allan, now Lord Rylestone, with nothing of her until the funeral was over. When the will was about to be read, the gentlemen being all assembled in the library, it was found that Miss Cameron was present.

"I have just been speaking to Miss Cameron," said Lord Rylestone; "I will tell her she is wanted."

He found her sitting where he had left her, and he almost wondered at the delicate flush that spread over her charming face as he addressed her.

"I am wanted in the library?" she repeated. "Why need I go there, Lord Rylestone? The reading of the will cannot affect me."

"I hope it will," said Lord Rylestone, quickly. "Your uncle loved you, and I trust has not forgotten you."

With a faint, sweet smile she looked up into his face.

"That which would make me richer would make you poorer," she remarked, gently; and Lord Rylestone laughed.

"I do not mind that," he returned. Her youth, her beauty, her unselfishness touched him, and he felt so kindly towards her that he hoped the late lord had made ample provision for her, even though it impoverished himself.

"Must I really go, Lord Rylestone?" she asked; and he saw that she shrunk from it.

"So Mr. Beale says," he replied.

"I cannot imagine why," she said; "my uncle's will cannot possibly concern me."

Nevertheless she rose and accompanied him. Her fair proud face flushed slightly when she saw the number of gentlemen present. They looked up in quiet admiration of the beautiful queenly girl in her sweeping black dress; and then Mr. Beale, with an air of great deference, placed a large easy-chair for her, and she sat down. She was too proud, too well bred to show any signs of embarrassment, but, as she sat alone there, the only lady present, she did wish to herself that Mr. Beale had not sent for her.

"What can the will matter to me?" she repeated over and over again to herself.

by the purest wish for her happiness, and that, as the wife of Allan Brand Estcou felt sure. The will concluded with few legacies to old servants; and when last sound of the lawyer's voice had away a profound silence reigned in room.

Miss Cameron was the first to break painful pause. She arose from her seat crossed the room. She raised her proud face to Lord Rylestone, and seemed forget that any one beside herself was present. She spoke to him as though they alone.

"I am very sorry," she said simply, had no idea that such a thought was in uncle's mind. It was cruel to you and to me. I hope you will forgive me."

Her lips quivered as she spoke. The disappointment had been great for him, but he had recovered sufficiently that he had nothing to forgive her—that she had done him no wrong.

"Yet you feel annoyed with me," she said. "You were kind to me before; you seemed disposed to like me, and now you look stern and cold."

Her purity and simplicity took all life meaning from the words. They expressed exactly the thought that was in her mind.

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "I do not want the money. I have some of my own, and I have never thought of my uncle's not being angry with me. I will do all I can to help you set the will aside."

Then Mr. Beale stepped forward.

"That can never be done, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale. "The late Lord Rylestone was in poor health of body and mind when he made the will; it can never be set aside."

She clasped her hands with a little sionate cry.

"I did not want the money," she said. "It ought not to be mine. I will not take it."

"I suggested all I could to influence my client," continued Mr. Beale. "but he was so positively that he intended you to be heiress. At the same time he knew how present Lord Rylestone would need money. He devised this plan, and I am sure that he imagined that it would prove very happy one."

"It was a great mistake," cried the lawyer, impetuously.

"I am bound to say," pursued the lawyer, "that my late client honestly believed he was doing his best for the interests and happiness of both. He told me that, if his heir or niece had had any idea of an inheritance, he should have made other arrangements; but he knew that Miss Cameron was free, and he felt sure that Lord Rylestone was the same. It is a most painful thing to say; but, in defense of the late lord, I am compelled to say it."

"He could not know anything about the matter," said Miss Cameron, with a calmness.

"In another man I should have called that thing impertinence," declared Lord Rylestone angrily.

The lawyer raised his hands with a gesture of dissent.

"I can well understand all the irritation and annoyance you must feel," he said, "I am bound in honor to protest to you and again that, in making this singular will, the late lord thought he had done the best for both."

"He was mistaken," asserted the

some papers had been placed for their inspection. The scene had not been without its element of tragedy, for the reading of the will of the late Bernard, Lord Rylestone, had proved a terrible and bitter disappointment to Allen, his heir.

It was not a just will. Allan Brand Estcourt was the late lord's nearest of kin, and heir by right of entail to the title of Baron Rylestone of Walton, also to the very small income of one thousand per annum, which was all that remained of the once large revenue of the Rylestones. As next of kin he succeeded to that—nothing could have deprived him of it; and that fact he had always known. The late Lord Rylestone had never married; people could not tell why. The general surmise was that in early youth he had loved unhappily, and had never loved again. It must have been true, for, after his death, in one of his secret drawers were found a breast-knot of blue ribbon and a lock of hair—sole relics of a love that had endured for a life time.

He had never married; and his secret, if he had one, died with him. But he had brought up Allan Brand Estcourt as his heir. Allan was the only son of a man who was once one of the handsomest and most popular men in England—Arthur Estcourt, colonel of a famous Hussar regiment, a man without fortune, but one of the most gallant soldiers of the army. He had married for love, not money, and his young wife, dying, left him this only son. Handsome Colonel Estcourt did not prosper after his wife's death. He mourned her deeply, and, to drown his sorrows, acquired the fatal habit of drinking. He died while still in his prime, leaving his son Allan a small income that did not amount to one hundred per annum. That mattered little, for soon after the colonel's death Lord Rylestone wrote to his young kinsman, telling him that, as he—Lord Rylestone—was quite resolved not to smarry, he—his nearest male relative—should have an education befitting his future.

"You will be Lord Rylestone at some future day," wrote the baron, "and you must be educated for the position."

As money was required for such an education, and Allan Brand Estcourt had so little of his own, Lord Rylestone was compelled to make him an allowance. He did so, and Allan went through the usual curriculum. He went to Eton and to Oxford, where he proved himself to be possessed of singular abilities. After this he went for a continental tour, and then remained in London for some time. The highest society was open to him, for he was known to be Lord Rylestone's heir—and Lord Rylestone was a wealthy man. Allan had the usual tastes of a young man of his age. He was in a great hurry to see every phase of life. He liked the theatre, the opera, the ball-room; he enjoyed with keenest zest all the pleasures that fell to his lot. He had no great vices; his faults were chiefly those of youth. He enjoyed himself—and almost as a matter of course he fell into debt.

With a liberal allowance, that ought not to have been the case. But Allan did not reflect. He was generous even to a fault, open-handed, liberal in all his ways, and he did not care to be eclipsed by his acquaintances; so, without exactly knowing how, he gradually sank more deeply in debt. After all, it did not trouble him much. The Barony of Rylestone was entailed—it must be his some day; and what would a few

alone there, the only lady present, she did wish to herself that Mr. Beale had not sent for her.

"What can the will matter to me?" she repeated over and over again to herself. She saw the lawyer unfold a great sheet of paper, she saw an expression of earnest attention come over the faces of the gentlemen present, and then the reading of the will began.

It did not interest her; she was thinking of Lord Rylestone, the handsome young heir, who had spoken so kindly to her, with a look like sunshine on his face. She was picturing him in his new home, and the dull verbiage of the will did not interest her. Would she see the young lord again, or was this their first and last meeting?

"He has a noble face," she thought, "and his eyes are full of truth."

Then she was startled suddenly by the sound of her own name—"My beloved niece, Adelaide May Cameron."

She looked up hastily, and was still more startled to find that the gentlemen were all looking at her with strangely moved faces, and that Lord Rylestone, standing a little apart, had grown white as death.

"What is it?" she gasped. "I was thinking of something else—I did not hear."

Mr. Beale looked at her.

"I will read it again, Miss Cameron," and again he read. The portion of the will that was re-read was to this effect. The late lord's kinsman, Allan Brand Estcourt, would succeed him as Baron of Rylestone. But the original estate had grown smaller and the income less. Nothing in fact was entailed with the barony except the mansion of Walton Court and an income of one thousand per annum, which was not half enough for the maintenance of the estate. The late lord, however, had been a wealthy man; he had been endowed of a private income of fifteen thousand per annum, partly by his mother and partly by a wealthy godfather; and it was this handsome fortune that Allan Brand Estcourt had always believed he would inherit. He knew that it was not entailed—that Lord Rylestone could dispose of it as he wished; and never had the faintest doubt that it would be his crossed his mind. Now the whole of that vast fortune was bequeathed to him—but only on one condition. It was to be his if he married within two years the testator's beloved niece, Adelaide Cameron; and, if he did not do so at the end of two years, it was to become hers.

There were numerous details, but that was the principal clause. Until the termination of the two years, Miss Cameron was to receive an income of ten thousand per annum, and Allan was to receive two. When the two years had expired, if Allan consented to the marriage, and all was arranged, the money would become his, and he would find himself master of Walton Court, with an income of fifteen thousand per annum. If at the end of two years Allan should refuse to contract this marriage, then the fortune would pass at once into the hands of Miss Cameron, and he would receive a legacy of five thousand pounds. The regular income in that case would be settled on Miss Cameron, so that she would be unable to will it away. The testator then went on to say that his niece, Adelaide Cameron, had always been so docile, and so obedient, that he was quite sure she would not refuse to carry out his last wishes. He was actuated

and again that, in making this singular the late lord thought he had done it for both."

"He was mistaken," asserted proudly. "Lord Rylestone, say that forgive me the unwitting wrong that done. I am inexpressibly sorry that brought so great disappointment to you."

She spoke with her fair, colorless raised half proudly, half shyly to him the chivalry in him awoke at her words.

"I greatly regret," he said with a bow, "that this annoyance has happened cannot say that I forgive. What can I pardon?"

The tone was kind, the words were but the girl turned away with a sigh missed the sunny gleam on his face, light in his eyes. She would have the room, but Mr. Beale asked her to remain for a few minutes longer. She went down and hid her face in her hands. The gentlemen, who had been anxious within the scene, went to look at the papers on the table, and Lord Rylestone was at the other end of the room with the where they remained for some minutes earnest conversation. Mr. Beale knew the young lord's difficulties, his position, and how small was the hope of them.

"I must give up all thought of living at Walton," he said, "even in the manner possible. I could not live here for a thousand a year."

"It would not be possible," agreed Mr. Beale; and the young lord sighed deeply.

"Farewell, then," he said, "to all dreams of goodness and greatness. It is a great blow to me. I had better face the world as a laboring man than as a baron with a thousand a year. I must either take the place or let it. It will be a sacrifice, but it must be done—I cannot help it."

"Let us hope that the end of two years will find you in a different frame of mind," suggested Mr. Beale. "I hope it will, but not for ourselves. I think you know you have a chance of success. Miss Cameron is a charming girl, and she seems to love you."

"We will not discuss the matter," said Lord Rylestone. "I have told you I will carry out the old lord's wish if I can. I know perfectly well what I shall do. I shall pay off my debts, even though it costs me without a shilling, and then I shall go for some appointment abroad."

"It will not be a very gracious comment on Miss Cameron that," observed Mr. Beale.

"I will not discuss the question," said Lord Rylestone, curtly; and then he turned over to the table to where the papers and the lawyer resumed his place.

"I have one thing more to say," announced Mr. Beale. "My late client, together with his will, left a letter of instructions, which he wished to be read at the same time. With your permission, Miss Cameron, and yours, my lord, I will now read."

Miss Cameron raised her face for a moment, and then bent it on her hands. Lord Rylestone gave a half-impatient look. The lawyer opened a folded paper and read:

"I shall be in my grave when that which has cost me many anxious hours is read. I wish this to be read after

purest wish for her happiness, and of the wife of Allan Brand Estcourt, he was. The will concluded with some gacities to old servants; and when the sound of the lawyer's voice had died a profound silence reigned in the

Miss Cameron was the first to break the pause. She arose from her seat and entered the room. She raised her pale, face to Lord Rylestone, and seemed to that any one beside herself was present. She spoke to him as though they were

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "I have an idea that such a thought was in my mind. It was cruel to you and cruel to me. I hope you will forgive me."

Lips quivered as she spoke. The shock of disappointment had been great for her, but she had recovered sufficiently to say to him that she had nothing to forgive her—that she was not him no wrong.

"Do not feel annoyed with me," she said. "You were kind to me before; you seemed to like me, and now you look both cold and distant."

"Purity and simplicity took all lighter from the words. They expressed the thought that was in her mind."

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "I did not get the money. I have some of my own; I have never thought of my uncle's. Do not be angry with me. I will do all I can to set the will aside."

Mr. Beale stepped forward. "It can never be done, Miss Cameron. The will of Lord Rylestone was in perfect order of body and mind when he made that can never be set aside."

She clasped her hands with a little pas- sion. "I did not want the money," she said. "I thought it ought not to be mine. I will not take

anything suggested all I could to influence my uncle," continued Mr. Beale. "but he told me that he intended you to be his heir."

At the same time he knew how the will of Lord Rylestone would need the approval of the court. He devised this plan, and I am sure that he imagined that it would prove a happy one.

"It was a great mistake," cried the girl, "and I am sorry."

"I am bound to say," pursued the lawyer, "that my late client honestly believed he was doing his best for the interests and happiness of both. He told me that, if either you or your niece had had any idea of another arrangement, he should have made other arrangements, but he knew that Miss Cameron was not so sure that Lord Rylestone was right. It is a most painful thing to do, in defense of the late lord, I am obliged to say it."

"I could not know anything about the will," said Miss Cameron, with stately calmness.

"No other man I should have called such impertinence," declared Lord Rylestone, angrily.

The lawyer raised his hands with a slight gesture of dissent.

"I can well understand all the irritation and annoyance you must feel," he said, "but I stand in honor to protest to you again in that, in making this singular will, the late lord thought he had done the best for all."

"I was mistaken," asserted the girl

as the words come from the very depths of my heart. Children, in binding you as closely as I can together, I have done that which, after many hours of anxious thought, I consider to be the best. Allan, you succeeded to an ancient title; if you carry out my desires, you will also have sufficient wealth—if you do not, you must earn money to keep up the prestige of your name. Adelaide, you have been a dear daughter to me, and I have done my best for you. I know that you are heart-free, and that, if you marry Allan, you will be one of the happiest women in the world. You are my heiress. Knowing that, if the one condition of the will is not carried out, you will be unwilling to accept the wealth that must then be yours, I have left you no alternative—it is settled on you, so that you cannot, by either need or gift, put it from you. Children, join hands above my grave, and grant an old man's wish."

There was another silence after the last word had been read, and then Lord Rylestone stepped forward.

"There is little need for prolonging what is to all of us a painful scene. I understand my position. I am Lord Rylestone of Walton, with a thousand a year to support the title, unless a condition is complied with which ought never to have been made. Two years are given to consider a matter which is already decided. At the termination of two years, we shall meet here again, gentlemen, that Miss Cameron may take possession of her inheritance. In the meantime Miss Cameron will receive an income of ten thousand per annum, and I of two. The trustees, our good friends Sir William Morton and Squire Segood, will, in the interim, superintend affairs. I think we all understand the present temporary arrangement."

Squire Segood muttered something that sounded like condolence. Lord Rylestone laughed a genial laugh.

"No," he returned, "I shall not murmur over fate. I was stunned at first by the severity of the disappointment, but it takes more than the loss of a fortune to daunt an Englishman. Thank you, dear friends all, but I do not need sympathy. I mean to make the best of it."

He raised his handsome head, and looked so proud, so hopeful and brave, that each man present felt his heart warm to him; and then he went over to Miss Cameron.

"I am sure you have estimated your position here," he said. "Shall I show you the drawing room?"

He spoke with a smile, and she showed him. He started when the girl raised her head. It was white, and looked worn with painful thought. She rose without a word, and they quitted the room together; and then the gentlemen formed a little group to discuss the will.

"It is not fair," said Sir William; "this place could never be kept up under five thousand a year."

Squire Segood looked very wise and good-humored.

"I think it will come right," he declared. "I cannot say what makes me think so; but I have an idea that Miss Cameron likes the young baron."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Beale, hopefully, "I think she does."

But Sir William shook his head gravely.

"I think the difficulty will be on the other side," he said. "I do not think Lord Rylestone has the faintest notion of marrying

words might seem to imply, a blush so intense as almost to make her face burn, rose even to her brow. He could not help seeing her confusion, and it angered him against the dead man who had placed them both in so unpleasant a position.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT PEOPLE.

What they are up to—Their Peculiarities—How They Amuse Themselves.

THE infant son of the Crown Princess of Brazil and the Comte d'Eu was christened Antonio, the Duc de Montpensier being his god-father, and the Princess de Joinville, sister of Dom Pedro, his god-mother.

ISMAIL Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is at present staying at Vichy, where he has taken up his residence in the villa formerly belonging to Napoleon III. The ex-Khedive's suite consists of thirty-five persons, including eight of his wives.

It is rumoured that Lord Cowper will probably resign the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland at no distant date, and that he is likely to succeed by Lord Kenmare, whose beautiful residence at Killarney is familiar to American travellers in Ireland.

No one could be found in Brussels the other day to translate a telegram Hungarian, sent to a great firm, the only official who understood the language at the Austro-Hungarian Legation being absent. The Queen heard of the difficulty, and sent in an excellent translation, with a most gracious message.

A London correspondent says the Princess Beatrice strongly resembles her brother, the Prince of Wales, has a beautiful figure, a wasp-like waist and a plump, white throat; also, that she might have married Alfonso, King of Spain, if she had been willing to renounce her faith.

While recently lassoing wild horses with a party on our prairies, the young Count Giza Andrassy left his companions behind him in his enthusiasm, and wandered for two days about the prairie without drink or food; but on the third day he killed a hare with his last cartridge, and the report of the gun directed to the spot his friends, who had been hunting for him with a hundred and fifty Indians.

Lord George Montague of the British Legation is the half uncle of Lord Mandeville, being a son of the late Duke by his marriage with the late life, with Miss Dobbs, daughter of Conway Dobbs, an Irish gentleman of

estate and a high position. By this marriage the Duke also had one daughter, the Duchess of Kintore. The Duchess is now the wife of Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, a cousin of Lord Dufferin, who is a prominent leader of the Exeter Hall evangelists.

The aristocracy of Rome have divided into two camps; one, including all the younger members of the aristocracy, went with the King, while a few, who were considered the legitimists, remained faithful to the Pope and the moral principles of the Church. One of the latter, an old Prince, hitherto deemed pious, has left his family for one of the danseuses of the Constanzi, for whom he has purchased a villa and four splendid horses, and who appears at the opera with him in the most exquisite toilets. This

that, in making this singular will, he thought he had done the best

s mistaken," asserted the girl "Lord Rylestone, say that you the unwitting wrong that I have am inexpressibly sorry to have great disappointment to you." te with her fair, colorless face proudly, half shyly to his. All y in him awoke at her words. tly regret," he said with a low t this annoyance has happened. I that I forgive. What have I to

was kind, the words were kind ; l turned away with a sigh. She sunny gleam on his face, and the eyes. She would have quitted out Mr. Beale asked her to re- a few minutes longer. She sat lid her face in her hands. The gen- io had been anxious witnesses of went to look at the papers on and Lord Rylestone walked to nd of the room with the lawyer, remained for some minutes in ersion. Mr. Beale knew all lord's difficulties, his debts, small was the hope of settling

give up all thought of living at e said, "even in the quietest sible. I could not live here on a year."

ld not be possible," agreed Mr. the young lord sighed deeply. ll, then," he said, "to all my goodness and greatness. It is a to me. I had better far have ring man than a baron with a a year. I must either close or let it. It will be a great ut it must be done—I cannot live

hope that the end of two years will a different frame of mind," sug- Beale. "I hope it will, between I think you know you would ice of success. Miss Cameron is girl, and she seems to—to like

ll not discuss the matter," said tone. "I have told you that to he old lord's wish is impossible. ffectly well what I shall do—I f my debts, even though it leaves a shilling, and then I shall try pointment abroad."

not be a very gracious office to Cameron that," observed Mr.

not discuss the question," said tone, curtly; and then he went e table to where the papers lay, yer resumed his place.

one thing more to say," an- r. Beale. "My late client, to- his will, left a letter of instruc- h he wished to be read at the

With your permission, Miss nd yours, my lord, I will read it

neron raised her face for a few d then bent it on her hands again. stone gave a half-impatient as- lawyer opened a folded letter,

be in my grave when the will cost me many anxious hours is sh this to be read after it, and

But Sir William shook his head gravely.

"I think the difficulty will be on the other side," he said. "I do not think Lord Rylestone has the faintest notion of marrying Miss Cameron. He spoke of it as something so entirely out of the question that it could never come to pass."

"He will be ruined then, or he will have to let Walton Court," announced Mr. Beale. "What an unfortunate affair it is! There is one thing I should like to say, gentlemen, and that is that I think we are bound in honor to keep this affair a profound secret—at least, until the two years have expired. It is so very uncertain how matters will turn out. In any case I think we should resolve upon that."

Each gentleman present agreed that the will and the terms of the will should not be mentioned.

"There may be a marriage at the end of two years, or there may not be one," added Mr. Beale: "so that silence will be best."

"Well," said Squire Segood, with a good-tempered smile, "I am quite of an opinion that our poor good friend was right in his idea, although it seems despotic, and that will come right in the end."

But Sir William, who professed to be a student of human nature, averred—

"There will be no wedding. Lord Rylestone and Miss Cameron will never marry."

CHAPTER II.

In perfect silence Lord Rylestone and Miss Cameron reached the drawing-room. She would then have dismissed him, but he motioned her to a seat, and then procured a chair for himself.

"I feel the greatest sorrow that you should have been so tried, Miss Cameron," he said. "If I had had but the faintest idea of what was in the will, I would not have asked you to hear it read."

"I must have been made acquainted with the contents at some time," she rejoined wearily.

"But if I could I would have had the news broken to you quietly and gently. It must have been a shock."

He saw how pale and sad she looked, and his heart softened to her.

"I am sorry, too, that I did not meet you before," he continued. "You will be very lonely now, and I cannot expect you to look upon me as a friend. Have you many friends or acquaintances?"

She told him that she had not—that she was seventeen when she left school to return home to her uncle's, and that now she was in her nineteenth year.

"I have not made many friends," she said, simply. "My uncle did not enjoy very good health lately, and we neither received nor paid many visits. I know that next year he intended to take me to London. He often spoke of it."

"You will see London now," he remarked, with a slow, grave smile, "and you will find yourself famous there."

"Why?" she asked, briefly.

"Because you will be Lord Rylestone's heiress—and great heiresses are respected and looked up to in London."

She raised her eyes to his face, and spoke, evidently without thinking of the import of her words.

"Shall I be Lord Rylestone's heiress?"

"Yes," he replied, "certainly you will."

Then suddenly remembering what her

the dawnses of the Constanzi, for whom he has purchased a villa and four splendid horses, and who appears at the opera with him in the most exquisite toilets. This moral defection has given great pain to Leo XII.

King Kalakaua is not browner than a brown Spaniard, it is reported; his black hair is dressed with a slight curl in the European style, he clothes his elegant figure fashionably, and wears a rose in his button-hole. He thinks aloud when alone, and keeps a diary. Those who object to the fact that he took precedence in London of the future Emperor of Germany, make flings on the rose in his button-hole by reminiscences concerning the garlands which were the only raiment of his ancestresses, and the missionary roasts on which those ladies were wont to dine.

Lady Florence Dixie is a plucky helpmate for her husband, with whom she camps out and cooks her rations in the Transvaal whither she went as correspondent of the *London Morning Post*. Not long ago a Boer who made large boasts of his skill with the rifle was challenged by her to a trial of skill. The Boer shot with a Martini-Henry rifle, Lady Florence with a Winchester, at bottles placed at a distance of 200 yards. To the delight of all the onlookers, Lady Florence hit the bottles one after another as if they were elephants, and the Boer went away signally defeated, and with the conviction that if all Englishmen can't shoot, some Englishwomen can.

The tenants of the Duke of Cleveland are said to intend to present him with a round robin for a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in their rents, and if refused will all give up their farms in October. The Duke is worth about \$750,000 a year, and owns about the fifth largest landed estate in England. He is childless, and his wife (Lord Rosebury's mother) has an income from her first husband. At his seat, Raby, carriages drive right into the vast baronial hall. The Duke is the direct descendant of the renowned Sir Harry Vane.

THE Earl of Dunraven, who is again in this country, draws the bulk of his great income from Ireland, and is one of the few Irish nobles of the Celtic blood and lineage. Unlike his father, who was a true son of the soil, took the deepest interest in it, and spent most of his time on it, Lord Dunraven seldom resides on his beautiful estate, Adare Manor, near Limerick, and still more rarely entertains there. He spends money freely, however, in his splendid house in London, and in Colorado, where he owns 30,000 acres and goes for sport. He possesses a large seat, Dunraven Castle, in Glamorganshire, South Wales; but there, too, is rarely to be found.

THE opinion entertained by the blue-blooded German nobility that is degrading to one of their high lineage to busy himself with any of the learned professions is occasionally defined by some of the younger and more sensible noblemen. Duke Theodore of Bavaria has won an enviable reputation as a physician, and particularly as one who devotes himself with noble compassion and sympathy to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. We now hear also of Prince Ernest of Meiningen, who has studied law in Strasburg, as about to undergo the usual Government examinations for admission to the practice of the legal profession. This is a rare proceeding in Germany.

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

**Forty-five Miles Long and One Mile Wide
—Six Hundred Thousand Bushels of
Wheat and Ninety Thousand Bushels
of Oats.**

From the Inter-Ocean.

FARGO, D. T.—Can you imagine a wheat field of 30,000 acres? Thirty thousand acres of slender golden stems, each bearing a cluster of yellow heads, bowing and nodding as if in acknowledgment of admiring glances. If you cannot fancy such a picture, you perhaps will admit that it must be one of the most sublime scenes the human eye can witness.

I stood this morning at the centre of the largest farm in the world: the largest piece of territory ever cultivated under the direction of a single man. As far as the eye could reach, north, south, east, or west, there was nothing visible but the bluest of the blue sky, the reddest of the red barns, the great awkward-looking threshers, with their smoke-begrimmed engines beside them, the whirling harvesters, and miles after miles of wheat. If this farm were stretched out like a ribbon, half a mile wide, it would reach as far as from Chicago to Milwaukee. If it were in a single rectangular piece, a mile in width, it would be forty-five miles from end to end, and there is not a fence, not a tree, not a bush; only an occasional strip of green across the golden that marks a road or section line.

Near us was a little white house where the storekeeper lived—the commissary of a great army, for an army it is—and we inquired of the gentlemanly Mr. Mandell how we could get across to the office of Mr. Dalrymple. He impressed a mule team that happened to drive up for supplies, and sent us to headquarters.

There was a cluster of great red barns, an acre or two of cabbages, beets, onions, and waving corn; a lazy-looking windmill that swung around as indifferently as if a regiment of thirsty men were not working in the field, and a cosy cottage, plain but comfortable. We rapped at the door, and were shown into the parlor. The room was handsomely furnished, with some evidences of luxury, but no more than are found in the houses of "fore-handed" farmers all over the West.

We asked for Mr. Dalrymple, and he came down from some room above; a slender, quiet-looking man, with a pen behind his ear, whom you would judge to be a school-master or clergyman at sight. His hands were soft and white—more accustomed to the book or pen than the plough—and his face, were it not covered with beard, was not so much burned as mine. He met us cordially, invited us to spend the day and dine, and suggested that he would have a team hitched up to drive us over "the place." I noticed he always called it "the place."

In the meantime I asked him a few questions. The first one was as to the yield this year.

"It was a late spring," said Mr. Dalrymple. "At the time when we are usually putting in a crop the place for miles around us here was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average per acre will not be below

"The Field" and "The Queen."

Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Sergeant Cox, who died a year ago, left an immense fortune behind him, largely made out of *The Field*. The astute lawyer had a peculiar prescience in regard to newspapers. He had the faculty of judging what the public wants, and a keen scent for unoccupied ground in the broad field of journalistic enterprise. *The Field* was at one time the property of Benjamin Webster, the actor-lessee of the Adelphi, and it had nearly died on his hands, when Mr. Cox bought it for a trifle. Fixing in his mind what the programme of the paper ought to be, he cast about for an editor. Mr. Walsh, a surgeon of Worcester, had just at this time published a book on dogs, and a kindred work, showing a large knowledge of field-sports. Mr. Cox opened negotiations with Mr. Walsh, and induced him to accept the editorship of *The Field*. Mr. Walsh appointed sub-editors, or chiefs of departments, while travellers, naturalists, and others were invited to send in accounts of the sports of foreign lands, together with articles on natural history, or matters of general interest to country gentlemen. Reporters were appointed to supply reliable and late accounts of agriculture, sporting, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting, and *The Field* became a mirror of the urban and rural world. It grew in importance and popularity, and has for many years been paying an annual income of probably more than £25,000. Almost in the same way Mr. Cox bought *The Queen*. He took it to *The Field* office, and made it for ladies what *The Field* is for gentlemen—a complete magazine of all their practical wants and requirements, as well as a useful reflection of fashion, an organ of cookery, and a reporter of the doings of society. From a losing property, *The Queen* in two years is said to have paid, and its income to-day is not less than £10,000 a year, and it may be double that sum. *The Exchange and Mart* was a new venture of Mr. Cox's springing out of the overgrown department of exchange in *The Queen*. It is one of the modern curiosities of London journalism, and a very profitable undertaking.

Autographic Telegraphy.

Harper's Magazine.

Cassell and Mayer are associated with autographic systems of telegraphy that deserve consideration, because out of these systems there has come an American invention that promises much for cheap rates. Two pendulums, one at each end of a line, are set in motion by clock-work, and the swing or beat of one is made to electrically correct the motion of the other, so that they move together. At the transmitting end of the line is a platen connected with the wire, and on this is laid a sheet of foil on which the message has been written in a certain kind of ink. A needle or style is made to pass from side to side over the foil, moving down a fraction of an inch between each stroke (on the principle of the machine tool planer.) While it passes over the foil the circuit is closed. When it passes the ink-marks it is insulated, and the circuit is broken. At the receiving end is a sheet of paper connected with the earth, and moistened with certain chemicals. There is also a style connected with the line, and having the same planer-like motion. The movement of

Electric Flying Machine

The improvements recently made in electric motors have suggested to the French electrician, M. Gasson, the idea of employing these machines in air balloons. They can be used in connection with M. Plante's secondary cells, which store a large amount of electricity and weigh relatively little. Such possesses great advantages. The danger of firing the volume of gas above, and it has a constant weight being no decrease by combustion.

In making his experiments M. Gasson employed a small oblong balloon in conical points. This balloon, like that used by M. Giffard, is by 1.30 m. in diameter, and has of about 2,200 liters. Inflated with hydrogen it has an ascensional power of 200 kilogrammes.

It is worked by a small electric motor resembling the Siemens dynamo, and weighs 220 grammes. This works a light armature 40 inches in diameter. This motor is suspended below the balloon, and the balloon for several miles with an element of 220 grammes, while the secondary couple weighing 1,300 kilograms the duration of its rotation is greatly increased. Under these conditions the armature turns 6.5 times a second, as a propeller, giving the balloon a speed of 1 m. a second during more than 40 minutes. With two secondary elements, a balloon 60 inches in diameter can be used to propel the balloon at the rate of 2 m. during ten minutes; and with three elements a speed of 3 m. can be attained.

These experiments took place in the *servatoire des Arts et Metiers*, at a large hall, where the balloon could freely, restrained only by a light rope, hang behind it, which served at times to guide and to measure its speed.

The working power of the electric motor was measured by the simple method of weighing. A secondary element was afterwards two elements together, attached to the motor, and it was found that the swiftness of the revolutions was proportional to the weight lifted.

This little motor, when developed, produced a force of 90 grammes at 5 revolutions a second. With two elements a speed of 12 revolutions a second was obtained and a power of 420 grammes. With three elements the power was 720 grammes.

In working with two elements the speed is reduced to 5 or 6 revolutions a second, the power is also reduced, the other hand, if the speed becomes less than that which corresponds to the maximum power, the working force is proportionally reduced. For example, if the speed obtained is 14 or 15 revolutions a second, the power is only 375 grammes. In this manner this trial balloon acted, and speed obtained with the propeller, very satisfactory outlook for aërial navigation, as it must be remembered that balloons the surface does not increase with volume, consequently the results with larger balloons would be very favorable.

In working condition an electric motor equal to 6 horse-power and weighing 900 kilogrammes, with 900 kilograms secondary elements, would easily lift 200 kilogrammes when attached

was covered with water from the melted snow, and you could have sailed a boat over a field where now there is wheat that will yield. I feared at one time that the crop would be a failure, but am very positive now that the average per acre will not be below twenty bushels."

"Have you sold your wheat?"

"Our plan is different from the ordinary method. We are sending about three train loads a day to Duluth."

"How many bushels is that?"

"About 30,000 bushels. We load a vessel at Duluth every two days and send it to Buffalo, where it is sold on arrival at the market price."

"What is that?"

"The price to-day," said Mr. Dalrymple, consulting a telegram, "is \$1.27 at Buffalo. Freighters are about 27 cents, so it nets us about \$1 a bushel."

"What will your crop amount to?"

"I am expecting about 600,000 bushels. Besides this we have about 90,000 bushels of oats, which we keep for our stock."

"Do you keep stock enough to eat up 90,000 bushels of oats?"

Mr. Dalrymple smiled pleasantly and remarked that 800 horses and mules eat up a good many oats.

"How much does your crop cost you?"

"It costs about \$6 an acre to produce a crop when we use our own stock and pay our men by the month, but when we hire men and teams by the day it costs us about \$8 an acre."

"What do you pay your men?"

"We pay \$30 a month for regular hands and \$2 per day for extra hands during harvest."

"What machinery have you going to-day?"

"Two hundred self-binding harvesters and thirty steam threshers. These 200 harvesters cut an average of 2,800 acres a day, and the threshers turn out about 30,000 bushels a day. As fast as it is threshed we bag the wheat, cart it over there to the cars, empty the sacks, and send away three train loads daily."

"Where do you keep your men?"

"If you had been here at 5 o'clock this morning you could have seen 800 men at breakfast. We keep forty cooks."

Mr. Dalrymple explained at length how this enormous business is conducted. The 30,000 acres under cultivation are divided into five divisions of 6,000 acres each, under superintendents, who are responsible directly to Mr. Dalrymple, the commander-in-chief. Each of these regiments is divided again into battalions, with a foreman or major, who has charge of 2,000 acres. Under him are three companies, each having a captain and cultivating a section, which is 640 acres of land. Each superintendent plants his crop and harvests it, reporting from time to time to Mr. Dalrymple, who directs and oversees the whole, but spends the greater part of his time at the office, planning and calculating for the best results from the smallest outlay. The superintendents are responsible for the good order of their men, stock and machinery, and there is a decided rivalry between them as to which can produce the biggest crop. When the ploughing commences in the spring the men go out in gangs, each taking 640 acres, under the direction of a foreman, who rides along on horseback to see that the work is done properly. Everything is in the military style.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

ken. At the receiving end is a sheet of paper connected with the earth, and moistened with certain chemicals. There is also a style connected with the line, and having the same planer-like motion. The movement of the two styles is controlled by the pendulums, and they move together. Now, while the circuit is whole, the style leaves a stain or trace on the paper. When the current is broken no mark is made, and the paper is left white. In this manner the letter written on the foil is produced in white on a blue ground at the receiving end. This system seemed to promise a great deal, and it has been used on a commercial scale, but its effect on telegraph rates has not been noticeable.

The Cost of the President's Illness.

From the Troy Times.

The amount of these bills was the next topic discussed, and Secretary Brown, after figuring up far a moment, estimated that the cost of the President's illness would not be far short of \$250,000. The doctors, he thought, with the exception of Barnes and Woodward, who as army surgeons are expected to attend the President as part of their official duties, should receive at least \$100,000, and perhaps much more if the convalescence is a long one, as it is now likely to be. Dr. Reyburn has been in attendance sixty-eight days, which at \$100 a day would entitle him to \$6,800. Dr. Bliss will probably receive \$25,000, and Drs. Hamilton and Agnew's bill will not, it is thought, be more than \$15,000 apiece unless the case should keep them busy for months longer. It must be remembered that the professional fortunes of all these men are made by their connection with this case, and there is not a surgeon in the country who would not attend the President day and night for months for the mere honor and reputation of the thing. "A singular thing," said Mr. Brown, "and one which indicates the feeling of the people in the matter, is that we experience the greatest difficulty in getting bills from any one. Even persons who render services which are usually paid for at once, such as furnishing food, carriages, medicines, instruments, &c., refuse to send in their bills, and I do not know of a single bill yet sent in for services or goods rendered to the President during his illness."

A Horrible Ceremony.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The maxim which teaches that there must be no disputing tastes has its limits, which appear to have been reached in Portsmouth yesterday, if we can believe the local papers. Miss Mainwaring, the daughter of an army officer, was about to be married, but unexpectedly she died. It was resolved, however, that before interment she should be married "as far as possible," and accordingly the Rev. T. D. Platt and other clergymen among them read the marriage service, and then the service for funerals. It is not stated what the bridegroom did. The other friends wore their wedding clothes. The Portsmouth Gazette mentions sympathetically that the dead bride's "trousseau and that of her bridesmaids had been provided," as if it were a pity that so much millinery should go for nothing; but it may be doubted if the Rev. T. D. Platt's bishop will regard this circumstance as justifying so novel an interpretation of the rubrics.

favorable.

In working condition an electric equal to 6 horse power and weight kilograms, with 900 kilogram secondary elements, would easily carry 200 kilograms when attached to a hydrogen balloon of 3,000 cubic feet elongated in shape like those used by M. Giffard, and in 1872 by M. Du Lome. This balloon would be 40 m. 13.50 m. wide across the centre, and a tensional force would be about 3,300 grammes. It would weigh, with accessories, 1,200 kilograms; so it would remain for the voyagers and ballast over 1,000 kilograms. In weather this balloon, worked by an engine of 5 to 6 m. in diameter, would move at a speed of 20 kilograms an hour, and in windy weather would be powerful enough to move out of the direct line of the wind. Of course the idea of getting a balloon against strong winds belongs to Utopia for short voyages, such as escaping a city during a siege, it would be very able to be able to steer the balloon.

Of course, this balloon could only be used for a limited time, but that could be decided by experiments, in which even more favorable might be obtained making the motor and piles especially for this purpose.

Until now no balloon has ever been steered, that is, has never returned to the point of departure, after having left the atmosphere at the will of its pilot. Necessarily such voyages can only take place in calm air and during a short time; the essential point is that they have success at all; and no physicist can deny that the electric motor and the secondary battery have solved the problem of aerial navigation.

Pictet's New Steamer.

The Geneva correspondent of the London Times gives the following details concerning Professor Raoul Pictet's model of a steamship which he expects to drive at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

Her dimensions are 16 meters long and 3.50 meters wide. When lying at anchor she will draw 33 centimeters fore and 1 centimeter aft; at full speed, 1 centimeter fore and 16 centimeters aft. The boiler will be placed amidships, from which will extend to the stern the screw shaft and the propeller on an inclined plane: the bows are tapered, and wedge-shaped. Professor Pictet reckons that his invention will effect a great saving of fuel, inasmuch as it is built on his plan, after being started by a 100 horse power, may be kept at full speed with an expenditure of force equal to 30 horses. The form of the hull, on the maintenance of the ship's equilibrium will depend, cannot be explained without a diagram. Professor Pictet is quite confident in the success of his invention, and his previous achievements have been so remarkable that many people who follow his reasoning have no hesitation in accepting his conclusions.

Lady Dufferin is getting up theatricals and will furnish money for a new chapel at the British Embassy at Therapia. She is said to be a capital amateur actress.

Several notably happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but a pretty safe rule to know the girl for a week and a day and a picnic.

Electric Flying Machine.

improvements recently made in electric motors have suggested to the eminent electrician, M. Gasson Tissandier, the idea of employing these machines to propel balloons. They can be used in connection with M. Plante's secondary couples, store a large amount of electric energy in a relatively little. Such a motor possesses great advantages. There is no risk of firing the volume of hydrogen, and it has a constant weight, there is no decrease by combustion.

During his experiments M. Tissandier used a small oblong balloon ending in a conical point. This balloon, which is the same as that used by M. Giffard, is 3 m. long, 30 m. in diameter, and has a volume of 2,200 liters. Inflated with pure hydrogen it has an ascensional force of 2 grammes.

It is worked by a small electric motor reeling the Siemens dynamo, and weighing 10 grammes. This works a light propeller 10 cm. in diameter. This motor is suspended below the balloon, and will propel it for several miles with a Plante cell of 220 grammes, while with a secondary couple weighing 1,300 kilogrammes the duration of its rotation is considerably increased. Under these conditions the motor turns 6.5 times a second, and acts as a propeller, giving the balloon a speed of 2 m. a second during more than 40 minutes. Two secondary elements, a propeller 10 cm. in diameter can be used, which will propel the balloon at the rate of 2 m. a second during ten minutes; and with three elements a speed of 3 m. can be obtained. These experiments took place in the "Concours des Arts et Metiers," at Paris, in a hall, where the balloon could move freely, restrained only by a light rope dragged behind it, which served at the same time as a guide and to measure its speed.

The working power of the electric motor is measured by the simple method of lifting weights. A secondary element, and a battery of two elements together, were attached to the motor, and it was found that the efficiency of the revolutions varied according to the weight lifted.

With a little motor, when developing a small amount of energy with a single element, it produced a force of 90 grammes at a speed of 10 revolutions a second. With two elements it produced 120 grammes at 12 revolutions a second, and with a power of 420 grammes, three elements the power was 1 kilogramme.

When working with two elements, if the speed is reduced to 5 or 6 revolutions a second, the power is also reduced, and, on the other hand, if the speed becomes greater than that which corresponds to the maximum power, the working force is correspondingly reduced. For example, if the speed obtained is 14 or 15 revolutions a second, the power is only 375 grammes. The same in this trial balloon acted, and the results obtained with the propeller, afford a satisfactory outlook for aerial navigation. It must be remembered that in balloons the surface does not increase with the volume, consequently the results obtained with larger balloons would be still more favorable.

In working condition an electric motor of 6 horse power and weighing 300 grammes, with 900 kilogrammes of secondary elements, would easily carry 1,000 kilogrammes when attached to in a balloon of 3,000 cubic meters.

MELANCHOLY JOKERS.

The Gravity of Famous Wits—Where a Good Deal of American Humor has its Origin.

"Gravity of demeanor" is, we apprehend, little if not at all inconsistent with a genius for jocularity. Democritus, who, next to Diogenes, said perhaps more good things than any other philosopher of antiquity, is described as "very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his later days, and much given to solitariness." Douglas Jerrold, one of the keenest wits of the Victorian era, was not only grave but anxious in demeanor; and Thomas Hood, the elder, who could make "screaming" jokes even out of the complication of maladies which tortured him, was facially the picture of sadness. When we turn to the two great masters of humor and pathos of our age, it will be remembered that the habitual expression of Charles Dickens was one of concentrated sternness, and that the ordinary mien of William Makepeace Thackeray was one of extra-judicial gravity. There is a host of good stories in the "Table Talk" of Samuel Rogers, but the outward and visible appearance of the banker-poet was the reverse of mirthful. It was ghastly and cadaverous to an alarming degree; so much so, indeed, that a French footman to whom Rogers had, on entering a room given by mistake the card of Thomas Moore, instead of his own, announced him to the company as "Monsieur le Mort."

It is curious that criticism should have taken so little cognizance of the fact that the original Joe Miller should have been, in spirit if not in substance, neither Joe himself nor John Mottley, alias "Elijah Jenkins, Esq.," but the "greatest, meanest, wisest of mankind," Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. Lord Macaulay, in his review of Basil Montagu's "Life and Works of Bacon," incidentally mentions that the illustrious philosopher "dictated from memory, without referring to any book, on a day when illness had rendered him incapable of serious study, the best collection of jests in the world." Hard students of the three hundred and odd "apophthegms" dictated by Bacon to his secretary will fully indorse the justice of Macaulay's verdict. They show the amazing depth and variety of his learning, his wonderful memory, his shrewd appreciation of the good things said by his contemporaries, and his own keen sense of wit and humor. There are few "Joes" equal to the joke related by Bacon himself of the "plain old man at Buxton who sold besoms," and who, on a young spendthrift coming to him for a broom upon trust, made answer to him, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly. They'll never ask thee again; I shall be dunning thee every day." Again there is the story of the witty rogue who bargained with a lace man to be supplied for a certain small sum with as much lace as would measure "from ear to ear," and who went on to explain that one ear was on his head, but that the other was nailed to the pillory at Bristol. Then there is the irresistibly comic story of the impudent thief in the dock, who, knowing his case to be desperate, cried out when he was called upon to plead: "I charge you in the king's name to seize upon and take away that man in the red gown,"—meaning the judge—"for I go in danger of my life for fear of him." Those familiar with the modern American "Joe" of the suitor who

Bee Notes for October.

BY L. C. ROOT.

American Apiculturist.

The extreme drouth that has prevailed in most sections, will shorten the yield of honey to a great degree, particularly the supply from Buckwheat. It is well known that damp weather is required in order that there may be an abundant flow of honey from Buckwheat. Unless there is soon a change, and rain falls, the fall crop of honey will be light. Especial preparation should be made during the present month for successful wintering. Weak stocks should be doubled, and each must be supplied with a laying queen, and a plenty of honey.

Large Yield of Honey Reported Last Season

A correspondent from Texas says: "The amount of honey you report from three hives last season, is 691 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and you say that in a more favorable season the amount might be doubled. I would like to ask you if it would be possible, under favorable circumstances, to obtain 1,382 lbs. of honey from the swarms." In answer I would say, that if our correspondent will notice our report of the one hive, the product of which we are weighing the present season, he will see that we have already secured from it 484 lbs. Three times this amount would be 1,452 lbs. What the possibilities are, as to the amount that may be secured from a single hive, is not yet generally comprehended. I desire the readers of these Notes to understand that the inexperienced, who are not willing to give our pursuit very close attention and continued study, must not expect to secure such favorable results. It should also be remembered that such yields as we have recorded can not as yet be expected as an average of an entire apiary. They are only given to show what may be accomplished under extremely favorable circumstances. The colony, the gain of which has been given from time to time, was again extracted August 3d, and gave 42 lbs., and on August 27th, and gave 27 lbs., making a total of 484 lbs. for the season. The smaller yield in August is largely due to the continued dry weather.

A Passion for Diamonds.

"Are there more diamonds worn now than ever before in this country?"

"I should say so, most decidedly. I have been in the business over thirty years, and I never knew such a rage for the stone as exists to-day. Last week I attended a garden party at the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga and I saw bushels of them. This is the only way to describe the number of diamonds worn there, and most of them were fine stones. Nearly every woman there had big solitaires in rings or earrings. You see the finest diamonds are worn solitaire in studs, rings, and earrings, while for bracelets and hairpins an inferior stone may be used, as they are not so conspicuous. I noticed one thing, however, at the Grand Union—nine-tenths of the diamonds were not clean. Dust settles on everything, and it is astonishing how little care a woman will give to her diamonds. They carefully inspect their gloves and shoes before completing their toilets, but their diamonds, worth of ten thousands of dollars, receive no attention, become dirty, and sometimes are lost. A lady customer of mine lost a very valuable diamond after possessing it eight years. If she had been in the habit of giving the gem

larger balloons would be still more able.

working condition an electric motor to 6 horse power and weighing 300 ammes, with 900 kilogrammes of dary elements, would easily carry 1,000 kilogrammes when attached to in a gen balloon of 3,000 cubic meters, ated in shape like those used in 1852 . Giffard, and in 1872 by M. Dupuy de . This balloon would be 40 m. long by m. wide across the centre, and its asnal force would be about 3,300 kilomes. It would weigh, with all its ories, 1,200 kilogrammes; so there l remain for the voyagers and for the t over 1,000 kilogrammes. In calm er this balloon, worked by an arma-f 5 to 6 m. in diameter, would obtain ed of 20 kilogrammes an hour, and in y weather would be powerful enough to out of the direct line of the air cur-

Of course the idea of getting balloons st strong winds belongs to Utopia; but ort voyages, such as escaping from a luring a siege, it would be very valu-o be able to steer the balloon.

course, this balloon could only go for ited time, but that could easily be ed by experiments, in which results more favorable might be obtained by ng the motor and piles especially light is purpose.

til now no balloon has ever been really d, that is, has never returned to its of departure, after having navigated atmosphere at the will of its pilot. arily such voyages can only take place m air and during a short time; but the bial point is that they have succeeded ; and no physicist can deny that the ic motor and the secondary piles solved the problem of aerial navi-

Pictet's New Steamer.

Geneva correspondent of the London gives the following details concerning ssor Raoul Pictet's model steamer, he expects to drive at the rate of 40 an hour.

r dimensions are 16 meters long and eters wide. When lying at anchor vill draw 33 centimeters fore and 44 eters aft; at full speed, 1 centimeter rd and 16 centimeters aft. The engine e placed amidships, from which point stern the screw shaft and the keel an inclined plane: the bows are long, ing, and wedge-shaped. Professor Pic- ckons that his invention will lead to a saving of fuel, inasmuch as a steamer on his plan, after being started with, 00 horse power, may be kept up full with an expenditure of force equal to res. The form of the hull, on which maintenance of the ship's equilibrium pend, cannot be explained without a m. Professor Pictet is quite confident success of his invention, and his scien-revious achievements have been so re-able that many people who cannot r his reasoning have no hesitation in ac- ing his conclusions.

ly Dufferin is getting up theatricals to h money for a new chapel at the British sey at Therapia. She is said to be a l amateur actress.

eral notably happy marriages have been on two hours' courtship, but it is a safe rule to know the girl for at least days and a picnic.

cent later in the week, who, knowing his case to be desperate, cried out when he was called upon to plead: "I charge you in the king's name to seize upon and take away that man in the red gown",—meaning the judge—"for I go in danger of my life for fear of him." Those familiar with the modern American "Joe" of the suitor who had lost his cause, and, flinging down a \$5 bill on the table of the court, exclaimed: "Fine me that for contempt," may be interested to read in the "apophthegms" the story of the sailor who, being fined two shillings for swearing, asked what the mulct was for cursing. He was answered sixpence, whereupon he pulled a half-crown from his pocket, and cursing the court all round as a company of knaves and fools bade the clerk keep the half-crown, as he never liked "changing of money." American humorists have indeed incurred, albeit perhaps unconsciously, a heavy amount of indebtedness to the old jest books for some of their newest and driest stories. There has been recently paraphrased and calmly appropriated by Mark Twain an anecdote of a Scotchman who enters an eating-house on Holborn Hill and calls for a penny loaf. Then he says that he has changed his mind and will have a penny worth of beer instead. This process he repeats twelve times, and he is then going on his way, rejoicing and full of beer, when the cookshop-keeper demands payment for his beer. "I gave you a penny loaf for each mug of beer," answers the canny Scot. "But you have not paid for the loaves," continues the incensed Boniface. "But I had them not," replies the Scot. This story is to be found in an old cheap book published late in the seventeenth century; and it is very probably a survival of some mediæval joke current among the schoolmen, since its humor hinges on a false premise in logic. For the rest the original jest may be many thousands of years old; and may have been one of Julius Cæsar's collection of apophthegms, the loss of which Bacon, in the introduction of his own "Ante Joe Millerisms," so pathetically deplores. There is nothing new under the sun—especially in the matter of jokes.

Robbers in Bosnia.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Theft and brigandage, writes a correspondent on the spot, are alarmingly prevalent in Bosnia. At this moment, under the Austrian occupation, there is less safety of life and property at Serajevo and the neighborhood than under the Turkish regime after Omar Pasha quitted the land in 1850. Numerous bands of robbers are scouring the country. A few days ago, when a considerable sum of money was sent by the post, it left the town guarded by an escort of twenty-five soldiers. Within the last week there have been two attacks on travellers within an hour's distance of Serajevo on the principal high road. Houses have been broken into, an offense before unknown here. Two public officers have recently been robbed of large sums, and suspicion has fallen on the officials. We everywhere hear of discontent, poverty, and immorality.

THE way for a man to truly succeed is to do what he thinks best worth his doing, in the way he thinks it ought to be done. Let him never step aside from his path, either for profit or praise, and he will have all the success that is possible to him, and all that is worth having.

her diamonds. They carefully inspect their gloves and shoes before completing their toilets, but their diamonds, worth of ten thousands of dollars, receive no attention, become dirty, and sometimes are lost. A lady customer of mine lost a very valuable diamond after possessing it eight years. If she had been in the habit of giving the gem attention, she would have noticed that a setting of eighteen-carat gold will wear out in time and lose its grip on the stone. The large solitaire diamond is now preferred to the cluster. Few diamonds are now worn by gentlemen, except in the case of young men anxious for display. Here and there a gentleman will wear solitaires on his shirt bosom, but if he has good taste he will be careful that they are small or he may be taken for a gambler. It is astonishing how much money is sometimes represented in the diamonds worn by ladies on a 'swell' occasion. It is a common thing in New York society to see \$10,000 or \$120,000 in diamonds on a lady's person. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has been known to wear \$50,000 in diamonds at an evening reception, and I should say that the diamonds worn by Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt at the garden party I spoke of were worth fully that amount of money. Mrs. Mackay, wife of the 'bonanza king,' once offered to buy the famous 'Regent' diamond, the most valuable in the world. It is valued at a mere million, but the French government wouldn't sell it."

A little girl about five years old, before retiring the other night, was told by her mother that if she did not keep the cover on she would have to be punished. This annoyed the little one very much, as she found it difficult to manage the cover. It was her custom to repeat a short prayer before going to bed. After the usual prayer she added: "God bless papa and mamma, and help me to keep the cover on, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The Philadelphia authorities are experimenting with negro policemen. The first arrest made by one of them was that of an Irishman who was laboring under stress of whiskey. On the following morning when the policeman appeared in court against the prisoner, the Irishman rubbed his eyes as though to clear his vision, and asked, in a tone indicating astonishment: "Did yez arrist me?" "Certainly I did," the policeman replied. "Great hivins!" exclaimed the prisoner, turning to the magistrate. "Here, shquire, take out your foiné. To think that one of the Maloneys should ever have come to this, to be arristed by a naygur."

DURING one of the recent riots in southern Russia a man entered a baker shop kept by a Jewess and bought a loaf of bread, which he began to eat as he went out. As soon as he reached the street he threw himself upon the ground and began writhing about as though in excruciating pain, at the same time exclaiming, "I am poisoned! The Jews have poisoned me!" A crowd assembled, and threatening demonstrations were made against the shop. It would undoubtedly have been sacked within a few minutes, and its occupants maltreated and perhaps killed, had not the Jewess by whom the bread had been sold stepped out, snatched the bread from the writhing wretch on the ground, and begun to eat it herself before the eyes of the mob. This conclusive answer saved her, and the ruffian jumped to his feet and ran off. Such scenes were frequent.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to lend money in sums of \$400 and upwards, on the security of first mortgage Farm and Town Property

At 6, 6½ & 7 PER CENT. STRAIGHT.

No Fines nor Commission paid by borrower. I am also prepared to buy or sell promissory notes of undoubted security.

Insurance policies granted on nearly all classes of property in first-class Stock Companies at bottom rates. First-class farm and isolated property insured at 65c per \$100, for 3 years. Correspondence solicited.

T. G. DAVIS.
Insurance and Money
over Ferguson Bros. } Loaning agent.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1881.

Marriage Licenses

Issued by Ogden Hinch, at Cheapside, (applications strictly private and confidential. 40-ly.

A Capital Offer.

The Toronto Daily World and THE EXPRESS to new subscribers for one year for \$3 cash in advance. This is one of the best clubbing offers ever made. Subscribe now.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Brieflets.

—A party of sportsmen spent Monday at Mud Lake duck shooting.

Call at headquarters for ready-made clothing. SWEENEY BROS. 43

—Mr. Andrew Barker, a highly esteemed resident of Richmond, died suddenly on Sunday last. He was only ill a week.

I Will offer for thirty days from the 24th inst., my stock of Watches, Jewellery, Silverware and Spectacles at cost. F. CHINNECK, Jeweller. 46

—In the "big threshing" paragraph in our last week's issue the number of hours in which the work was done was omitted. Eleven hours was the time.

Good Tweed Pants for \$1.75 at SWEENEY's great clothing store. 48

—The work of putting in the blower at the Co-operative Warehouse is in progress. The power will be furnished from the foundry of Messrs. Pringle & Co.

Clothing, ready-made or made to order, at SWEENEY's boss clothing store. 48

—One day last week a tramp who tried to beat his way on a freight train going west was observed by the engineer on the top of a freight car at the station who ordered him down at once.

—The barbers have entered into an agreement to close their shops every evening at eight o'clock, Saturdays excepted, and to do no more work on Sundays. This is a good move and we hope they will stick to it.

—Special Bargains in Boots and Shoes, at W. H. SNIDER's cheap cash store, Campbell House block.

—The remains of Miss Joanna Murphy of Croyden, who died in Montreal a few days ago of typhoid fever, passed through town Wednesday night for interment. She was attending the Normal School at Montreal.

—It is a time-honored custom among the grain dealers in Oswego to give a new hat to the captain who first in the season arrives at that port with a load of barley. This year the race was won by Capt. Rooney of Co-

Woolen Yarn only 45c. at SWEENEY's. 48

—Principal Grant has returned to Kingston.

—Mr. W. G. Stevenson has erected a handsome new sign in front of the Opera Hall.

—On Wednesday Mr. B. F. Lewis received a fresh supply of oysters. Anyone requiring fresh oysters should give him a call.

ON DIR.—The rumours are that another fashionable wedding will take place in Newburgh next week.

I Will offer for thirty days from the 24th inst., my stock of Watches, Jewellery, Silverware and Spectacles at cost. F. CHINNECK, Jeweller. 46

—On Tuesday of last week Alpheus McConnell of Roblin's Mills was thrown from horse and had his little finger and arm between the elbow and wrist broken.

SHIPPING NOTES.—The "Pigrim" arrived Wednesday with a cargo of wheat for the big mill. . . . The "Nellie P." cleared Wednesday night with 6,000 bushels of barley for Oswego.

—A tramp assaulted a Dundas-st. merchant Wednesday, because as he said, "he looked like me." It was bad enough to be told of the resemblance without being assaulted.

NOT COMING.—The Keene Company have cancelled their Napanee dates on account of other pressing engagements, and the Kennedys' have postponed their coming till November.

—It is the intention of Sir Hector Langevin to visit Picton on the 8th of October where a banquet has been arranged under the auspices of Mr. J. S. McCuaig, M.P. The Minister will meet several of the most prominent citizens of Belleville on that occasion.

—For fine photographs of all kinds go to HULLER's studio which is one of the finest in this section in this province, and enables him to produce work of a very high order. A specialty is made of enlarging and coloring photographs. The samples of this kind of work now on hand will be found unsurpassed. Studio, over Perry & Chambers' store, Dundas-st.

THE RAILWAY.—There is now a large staff of workmen at work on the railway and the work is being pushed vigorously. The grading is completed between Napanee and Moscow, a distance of 17 miles, with the exception of a couple of miles of light work. No difficulty will be experienced in completing the work in the allotted time. Mr. Williams returned on Friday last from Kamouraska, having secured the required number of men.

Mothers, when you want clothing for your boys it will pay you to examine our stock. We can fit boys from four years of age up. We can sell you boys clothing all ready-made cheaper than you can get the cloth and trimmings for. Call and see them at SWEENEY's. 48

A CRUEL DRIVER.—A boy driving a horse which was bleeding profusely from injuries received on the hind legs by the waggon running up against them, was stopped in front of the Campbell House yesterday morning by a number of gentlemen and threatened with legal punishment if he did not arrange the harness in such a way as to prevent suffering to the poor animal. The harness was of the poorest description and afforded no means of preventing the waggon running up on the animal's legs. Cruelty to animals seems to be of common occurrence here. The authorities should see that a stop is put to it.

They All Do It.—Everybody uses "Tea-berry" for the teeth and breath, the newest, brightest, cosiest little toilet gem extant. Try a 5 cent stamp. 46 12

SHE WAS BOUND TO CATCH THE BOAT — A S

Visitors

VISIT

Messrs

RIC

We will not exhibit our goods

WE NEVER

WE NEVER H

WE NEVER

Our store is completely filled with Foreign Markets, and therefore, He had also the advantage of me other manufac

French Cashm

gram dealers in Oswego to give a new hat to the captain who first in the season arrives at that port with a load of barley. This year the race was won by Capt. Rooney of Cobourg.

—Some parties in town make a business of cutting off part of the heads of roosters and offer them for sale as "headless" roosters. They got the idea from the headless rooster scamp who travelled through the province a year or so ago. The authorities should have a stop put to this cruel practice.

—The Cobourg World has recently added steam to its well equipped establishment and will be removed about the 1st of October into new commodious premises. The World is one of the most ably edited country journals in the Province and we are pleased to see such evidences of its success.

—The Brasseley Challenge Cup won by D. Troop, 4th cavalry of Picton at Toronto, is on exhibition in the window of Mr. Smith's jewelry store. It is of solid silver and is a very handsome piece of workmanship. The credit of bringing the cup to Picton is largely due to Messrs. McDonald and Kimmerly of this town, whose scores ranked among the highest.

—On Sunday morning a quart black bottle filled with whiskey was found lying beside the walk on Piety Hill. Some one doubtless had laid in on Saturday night a Sunday supply and became too oblivious of mundane affairs to keep his wits and his whiskey about him until he reached home. It is now in good hands, however.

—Vennor's latest forecast prescribes heavy rains during the first week of Oct. with probably snow falls in many sections between the 7th and 10th. Cold and wintry weather on the 14th, 15th and 16th. Warmer weather on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Wet every other day for the rest of the month. November—Not much fine weather again until the 7th and 5th November, when a very fine and open term is probable.

—A resident of Piety Hill informs us that though one full bottle of whiskey was lost on Sunday there seems to have been plenty left in circulation. Several drunken men were reeling the streets during the Sunday afternoon and one lay in the open street for hours in a state of helpless intoxication. Would not our License Inspector do well to enquire where the "leak" is? One man at least made a couple of trips down street and came back more intoxicated each time.

A NEW CICERO.—D. C. McHenry, Esq., M.A., Principal of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, a former resident of Napanee, has published a new text book on Cicero's Oration in defence of Archias. The Cobourg World says that the work is admirably adapted to the wants of students, it being supplied with copious, well-written, critical notes, an analysis of the argument with each chapter, a biographical sketch of the author of the Oration, a list of synonymes, and an excellent vocabulary. On looking it over we came to the conclusion that it was prepared by a man who knew how to teach, and who understood the necessities of those to be taught. We hope to hear of this "Pro Archia" being introduced into every High School in the country. It is the best and most compact text book presentation of Cicero's celebrated Oration which we remember having seen. The book is well printed by Gage & Co., Toronto, and incorporated in their Educational Series.

They All Do It.—Everybody uses "Tea-berry" for the teeth and breath, the newest, brightest, cosiest little toilet gem extant. Try a 5 cent stamp. 46 12

SHE WAS BOUND TO CATCH THE BOAT.—As the Pilgrim was leaving the wharf on Monday afternoon last an elderly woman was seen hurrying towards the steamer, apparently very anxious to catch it. In one hand she carried a glazed carpet bag, in the other a bundle and under arm an old umbrella. By the time she reached the edge of the wharf the boat was a considerable distance out, but without waiting for the gang plank to be shoved out to her she made a spring for the deck of the boat. She missed her foothold and fell into the water. She sank head foremost but coming to the surface feet foremost she was caught by the foot by the captain and placed safely on board the vessel. She was very little the worse for her ducking.

I Will offer for thirty days from the 24th inst., my stock of Watches, Jewellery, Silverware and Spectacles at cost. F. CHINNECK, Jeweller. 46

Personals.

—Mr. A. Gracey of Deseronto started for Manitoba last Monday.

—Mr. Hugh Grange left town yesterday to attend the school of Pharmacy at Toronto.

—Mr. John Herring left town Wednesday for Redwood, N. Y., to secure pot shells for the glass works.

—Mr. Ferdinand Waller of Pittsburgh, the master shearer for the glass works, arrived in town Sunday last.

—Mrs. James Aylsworth of Tamworth who has been on a lengthened visit to Napanee and Picton has returned home.

—Mr. James Boomer of Toronto, Secretary of the Western Assurance Company, was in town Monday last. He is one of the most capable insurance officers in the province.

—Mr. Frank Minehart of Detroit has arrived in town to work at the glass works. He will direct the erection of the flattening oven and be a permanent operative.

—Mr. Dudley of the Dominion Bank is enjoying a couple of weeks holidays in the west. His place is taken here by Mr. Cassells from the head office.

—Mr. S. Clapp, late with Messrs. P. Slaven & Co., left town last Monday to accept an engagement at Jackson, Michigan. May success attend him as he is deserving of it.

—Miss Eva A. Chambers of Deseronto left per steamer "Alexandria" on Monday for Berthier to attend college. She was accompanied part of the route by her sister, Mrs. Wm. Leatham, of Romeo, Michigan.

—On Monday evening last Mrs. Truman Beeman and her daughter Rhoda left Napanee for Cleveland, Ohio, where they intend to reside. They have been life-long residents of this vicinity and leave behind them a large circle of friends. Mrs. Beeman has a son and daughter residing in Cleveland and removes there on that account.

—Our former townsman, Mr. A. C. Davis, has moved quietly away and is now a resident of Toronto, having been appointed to a good situation in the immense dry goods establishment of R. Walker & Sons, the largest of the kind in the Queen City, and we believe the largest in the Province. Mr. Davis spent over thirty years of active business life in our midst and we much regret that the past few years of business misfortunes necessitated his removal elsewhere.

French Cashmere Lyons Velvet Ribbons

Of all kinds, sur

A LARGE AS

Of beautiful designs, and our Mr. hi

Making

So that we invite those in want of

Our Stock

Coats,

MELTONS, ALPHINE

The New

BLACK AND COLORED

TRIMMINGS, GIM

BUTTONS AND

Mantles and

Visitors to the County Fair

ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO

VISIT THE SHOW ROOMS

—OF—

Messrs P. Slaven & Co.

And examine the immense stock of

RICH AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS

That they have now open for inspection.

will not exhibit our goods at the County Fair but customers will easily see upon visiting our store that it is not for the want of goods to show as

WE NEVER HAD SO LARGE

A STOCK TO SHOW BEFORE.

WE NEVER HAD AS FINE

GOODS TO SHOW BEFORE.

WE NEVER HAD SUCH CHEAP

GOODS TO SHOW BEFORE.

Our store is completely filled with the very latest novelties, as our Mr. Slaven has just returned from the British and Foreign Markets, and therefore, had the advantage of selecting the newest goods that are made in the Old Country. We also have the advantage of meeting in London several Agents of French Manufacturers from Lyons, Marseilles and other manufacturing cities in France, and made extensive purchases from them of

French Cashmeres,

Kid Gloves,

**French Cashmeres, Kid Gloves,
Lyons Velvet for Mantles, Silks and Satins,
Ribbons and Millinery Goods**

Of all kinds, surpassing in richness and extent anything we have ever shown before.

Mr. S. also purchased in Glasgow

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SCOTCH TWEEDS

Beautiful designs, and our Mr. Hogan has just returned from a visit to Albany and New York, bringing home with him the latest fashion plates and new ideas about

Making Up Clothing in the Latest Fashion

so that we invite those in want of clothing to look through our stock, feeling confident that we can please everyone.

Our Stock of Mantles and Mantle Cloths

Is one of the finest in Ontario, and consists of

Coats, Dolmans, Ulsters and Circulars,

Made of Black and Coloured Beavers,

WILTONS, ALPINE CLOAKINGS, SILK VELVETS AND SEALSKIN VELVETS,

With Trimmings of every kind to match, including

The New Cascade and Festoon Fringes

Of every shade and color.

BLACK AND COLORED TASSELS, FROGS AND PENDANTS, PASSAMENTARIO

TRIMMINGS, GIMPS AND BUTTONS, BUFFALO HORN AND CROCHET

BUTTONS AND BARREL BUTTONS, SILK GIRDLES & TASSELS.

Mantles Cut and Made to Order on the Premises.

P. SLAVEN & CO.